November 1978
$1.50
HEAVY METAL
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

November 1978
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HEAVY METAL

IND. 36587

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

LES HUMANOIDES ASSOCIES
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photograph by Joey Green

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Folks:

This is just to inform you that I think your politics are as psychotic and culture-bound as those of David Bowie. That "Heilman" story this issue really bummed me out. And if the cover on this issue is supposed to be an answer to feminist criticism, well, conscious or otherwise, you got to be kidding. I don't believe you revived "Barbarella," that's all. I was really enthusiastic when the magazine first appeared. I was hoping for the underground gone over. Can't those Europeans imagine anything between, beyond, or through nomadic horde apocalypse and super-sex space trek? Man a day. The whole underlying tension of your magazine is rape/sadism/bondage in all its forms. I buy your crummy magazine for one or two stories a month, and because I'm a newsstand freak of some standing, but I think I just convinced myself that your dollar and a half would be better invested with the Krupp Mail Order, Ltd.

James E. Von Looy
Dorchester, Mass.

Dear Jim: But enough about us. Let's talk about you. Gettin' much? — Eds.

Dear Editors:

Ah, people! I would like now to sincerely commend you for your most estimable production, *Heavy Metal*. The artwork varies between very good and excellent; the scripting and plain (?) fiction lies also in that range somewhere; and by the time that one has completed a thorough cover-to-cover savoring, one realizes that you are rather cruel humans. You tease us with only a small portion of the type of material we would enjoy much longer than you allow. Break out the whips 'n' stuff and get those artists and writers supplying a few hundred more pages each month. We could handle it, believe me.

I must say that I especially relished "Ozone Alley" in the May issue, and Bihannic and Druillet's contribution to the July mag.

Also, is there any way us common folk can get a hold on a poster-size reproduction of the July edition's back cover? It is magnificent.

Armand L.B. Christopherson
Springside, Saskatchewan

Dear Armand: No sooner said . . . the Caldwell July cover is about to be released as a poster, first in our line. (Can Heavy Metal lunch buckets be far behind?) Watch this space for publication date. — Eds.

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Heavy Metal Vol. II, No.7 November 1978

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...HENCEFORTH...

"What's Wrong with This Picture?" is a game popular with Sunday kiddie page readers, Zapruder film-watchers, and, well ... us. Every issue, we like to include a couple of little — what we in the lucrative publishing game call — "typos." It is not easy to make mistakes in a magazine that goes to press four months before it goes on sale. There is time — too much time — to make corrections. The prying eyes of managing and copy editors often spot the work of what we in the fiscally rewarding printing trade call "gremlins."

So, it was no easy task, as you can imagine, getting the pages of Ellison's "Croatoan" out of sequence in September. Palms were crossed with silver, disguises donned, tapes erased. Last month it was simple, by comparison, convincing the printer to leave author-artist Gray Morrow's name off the title panel of his strip "Orion," and having the word "calendar" dropped out of the calendar ad.

This month has been a bitch. We thought of running "Gail" backwards, but realized no one would notice. Everything else was arriving in tamper-proof packages from France and England. It looked hopeless. And then, it happened.

The Chaykin/Delany **Empire** book excerpt, which we had planned to run in December, got bumped forward to this edition. Chaos, glorious chaos! Art director Workman took a run and slam-dunked 20 color pages into the middle of the book. Wonder how it'll all turn out?

Next month, if everything goes according to plan (snicker, snicker), we will have a 12-page Moebius detective story for your Yuletide delectation. But, maybe not ....

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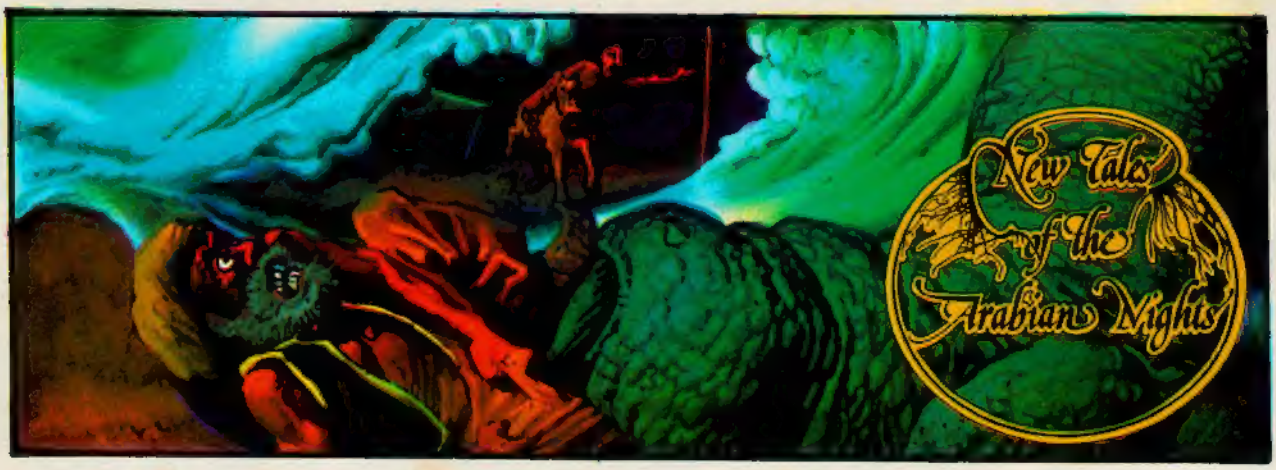


Uff!
WHUPP!
ARRRNN!

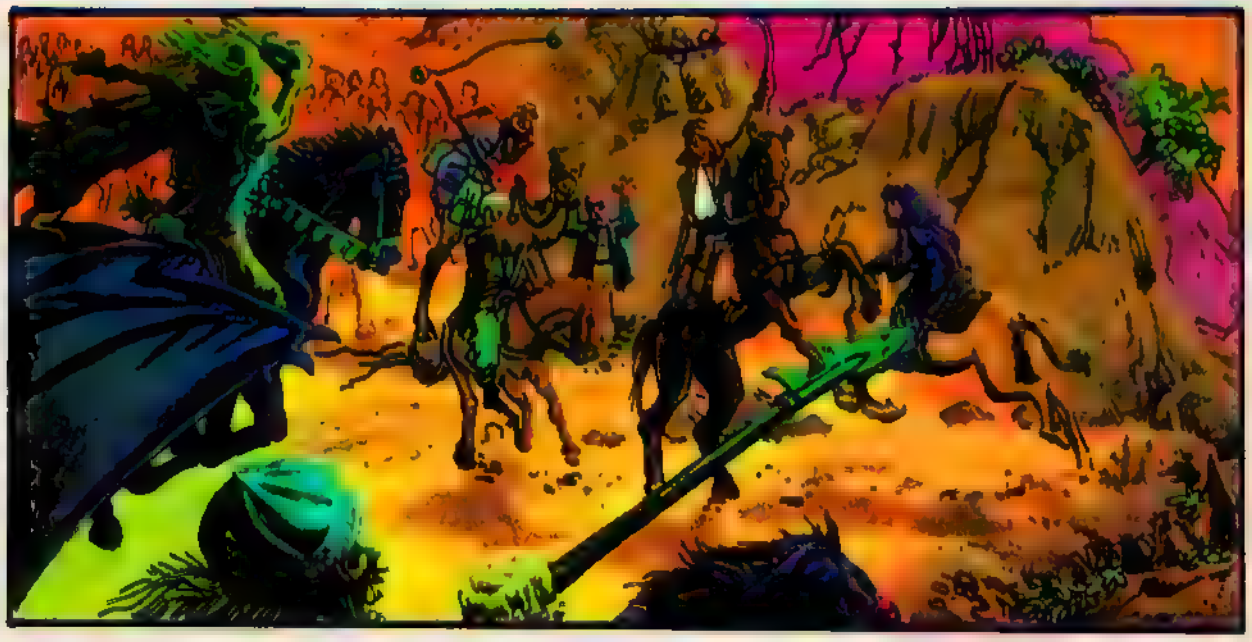
You've angered it, Sindbad! Get up!
My arm . .
We'll be crushed!
What?!

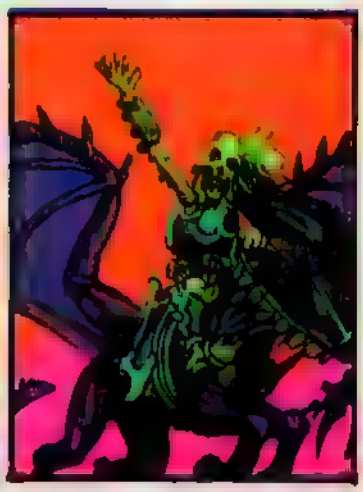
Praise Allah, Judar
Sindbad — are you all right?
Damn that Jinni and his curse! We should've known better, Akissa. We caused this!
You mean . . . you think Al-Ra'ad's been watching us?
Probably with great amusement.

Starved for affection, dog?
Yeah . .
. . . me, too

Ketra .

Can we get to it from here?
Moreover — do we **want** to?
I don't know. I've heard stories about Ketra . . . you may be right, Behram.
Sindbad! Look!
Everyone —back!





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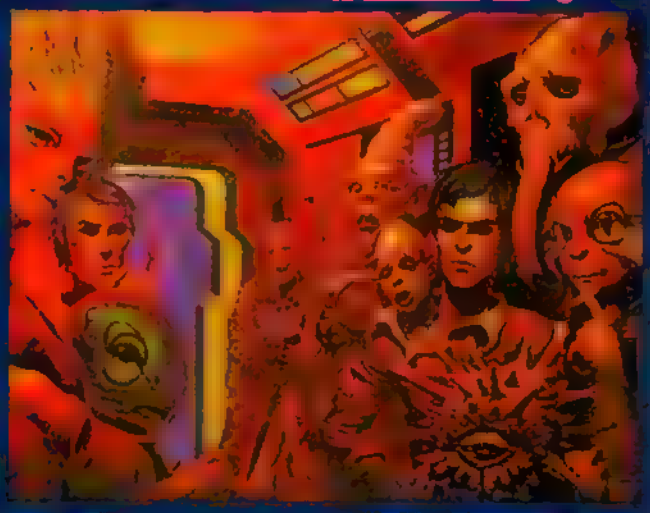

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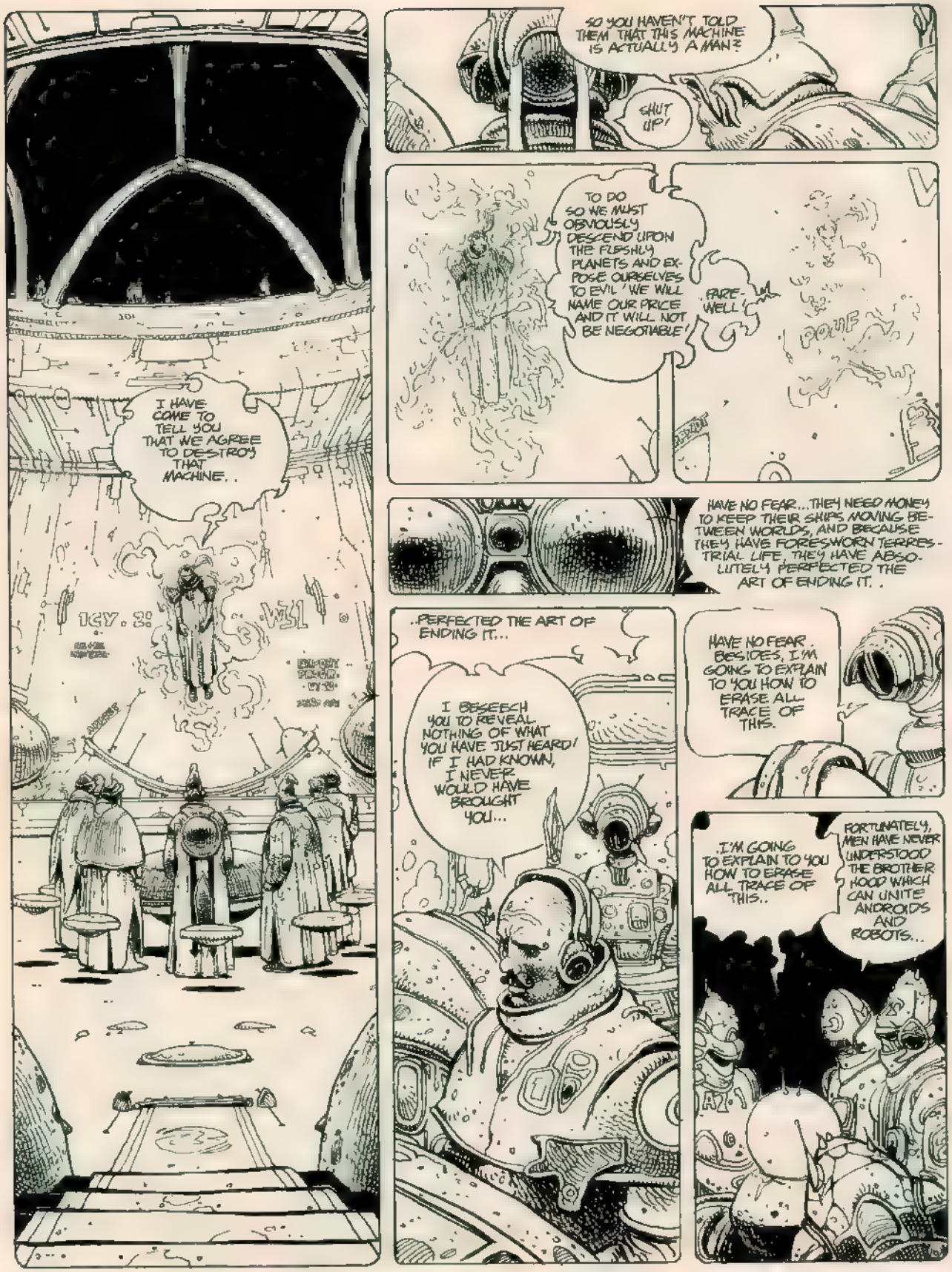
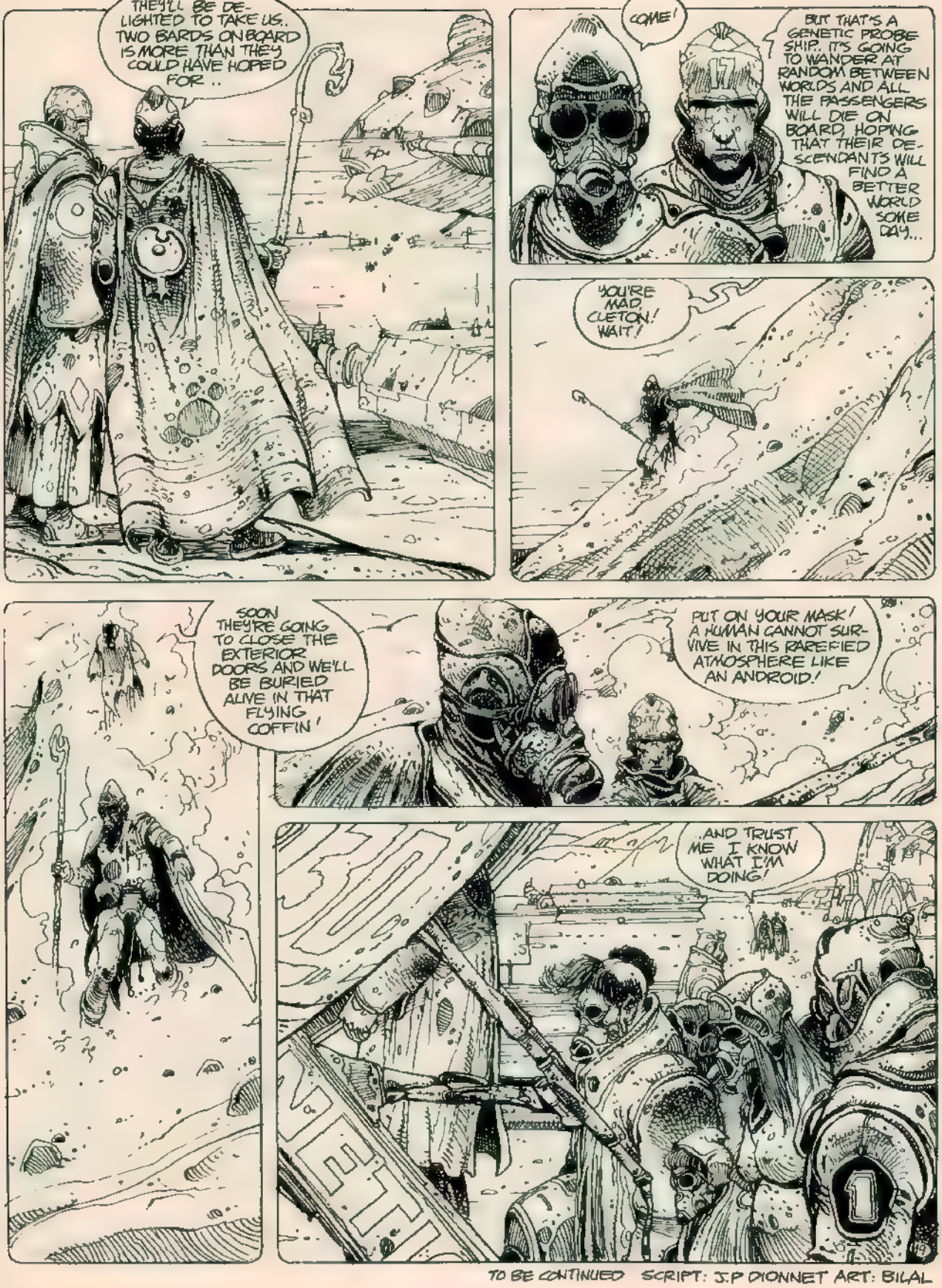
YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, MASTER AOUDA .. A DE-ACTIVATED ANDROID CAN'T COME BACK TO LIFE
YES. I KNOW THAT, KERUSIN, N, AND CENTRAL COMMAND KNOWS IT AS WELL. BUT IT MAINTAINS THAT THE ANDROID- AN OLD MODEL - WAS AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF THE MASTER'S CEREBRAL AND NERVOUS SYSTEMS
AND THAT HIS SPIRIT WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE ANDROID'S BODY AT THE PRECISE MOMENT THAT HE DIED..
RUBBISH!
OUR INTELLIGENCE NETWORK, DRIFTING THROUGH SPACE, IDENTIFIED A FLUX OF PARTICLES ORIGINATING AT THE LAB BASE THIS FLUX DISAPPEARED IN THE DIRECTION OF GALIGAI AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH
CENTRAL COMMAND CONCLUDES THAT IT'S A CASE OF TELEKINETIC TRANSFERENCE SUCH AS THOSE DESCRIBED IN CERTAIN MYTHICAL RELIGIOUS AND PARA-RELIGIOUS ACCOUNTS
HE WAS UN-BALANCED.. A GREAT SCIENTIST, BUT UN-BALANCED
HE WAS SENILE
IF THE ANDROIDS FIND OUT THAT ONE OF THEIR OWN HAS BEEN REBORN..
HE HAS TO DIE.

. BUT HOW?.. SINCE WE CAN'T CALL UPON THE EXTERMINATORS...
THE NEO-PURITANS WILL TAKE CARE OF IT!
THOSE CHARLATANS!
LET'S NOT ARGUE! CENTRAL COMMAND HAS SELECTED THEM AND SUMMONED THEM. THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO BE SAID.
HERE'S THE MESSENGER.
GREETINGS, MEN OF MUD
FIRST OF ALL I INSIST THAT ON NO ACCOUNT WILL YOU APPROACH MY HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION
THE PURIFICATIONS THAT I MUST UNDERGO CONSEQUENT TO THIS MEETING ARE BURDENSOME ENOUGH...
MEN OF THE VOID, ARE YOU HERE TO INSULT US?
15


I HAVE COME TO TELL YOU THAT WE AGREE TO DESTROY THAT MACHINE..
SO YOU HAVEN'T TOLD THEM THAT THIS MACHINE IS ACTUALLY A MAN?
SHUT UP!
TO DO SO WE MUST OBVIOUSLY DESCEND UPON THE FLESHLY PLANETS AND EXPOSE OURSELVES TO EVIL! WE WILL NAME OUR PRICE AND IT WILL NOT BE NEGOTIABLE!
FARE-WELL!
POUF
HAVE NO FEAR...THEY NEED MONEY TO KEEP THEIR SHIPS MOVING BETWEEN WORLDS, AND BECAUSE THEY HAVE FORESWORN TERRESTRIAL LIFE, THEY HAVE ABSOLUTELY PERFECTED THE ART OF ENDING IT..
..PERFECTED THE ART OF ENDING IT...
I BESEECH YOU TO REVEAL NOTHING OF WHAT YOU HAVE JUST HEARD! IF I HAD KNOWN, I NEVER WOULD HAVE BROUGHT YOU...
HAVE NO FEAR. BESIDES, I'M GOING TO EXPLAIN TO YOU HOW TO ERASE ALL TRACE OF THIS.
..I'M GOING TO EXPLAIN TO YOU HOW TO ERASE ALL TRACE OF THIS..
FORTUNATELY, MEN HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE BROTHERHOOD WHICH CAN UNITE ANDROIDS AND ROBOTS...

THOMAS HAD BEEN DRIFTING FOR A FORTNIGHT WHEN HE SAW A STRANGER'S SPACESHIP
IT WAS DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING HE HAD SEEN BEFORE. IT WAS...
IT WAS. FORGIVE ME I'LL CONTINUE LATER
YOU WILL NOT CONTINUE LATER, CHARLATAN!!! YOU WILL CONTINUE NOW!
I SAID GO ON!
HEY!
THE BASTARD! HE DAMN NEAR BROKE MY ARM!
NEVER MIND.. I'LL HANDLE IT...
SO, OLD MINER, SOMETHING UPSET YOU?

LET'S SEE YOUR MUG FOR A START...
WHAT!?
AN EXTERMINATOR!
THEY'RE HERE! THEY'LL KILL US ALL!
GET OUT!
LET US LEAVE HERE QUICKLY. THEY'LL RETURN WHEN THEY REALIZE YOU ARE ALONE.
WHY AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF ME? AND HOW DO YOU KNOW I AM ALONE?
I DO NOT FEAR ANYONE WHO HAS HELPED ME AND TO ANSWER YOUR OTHER QUESTION, UNDERSTAND THAT WHEN I FALL INTO THE BARDIC TRANCE I AM AWARE OF ALL THAT IS HAPPENING ROUND ABOUT NOW. LET'S GO!


THEY'LL BE DELIGHTED TO TAKE US.. TWO BARDS ON BOARD IS MORE THAN THEY COULD HAVE HOPED FOR ..
COME!
BUT THAT'S A GENETIC PROBE SHIP.. IT'S GOING TO WANDER AT RANDOM BETWEEN WORLDS AND ALL THE PASSENGERS WILL DIE ON BOARD, HOPING THAT THEIR DESCENDANTS WILL FIND A BETTER WORLD SOME DAY...
YOU'RE MAD, CLETON! WAIT!
SOON THEY'RE GOING TO CLOSE THE EXTERIOR DOORS AND WE'LL BE BURIED ALIVE IN THAT FLYING COFFIN!
PUT ON YOUR MASK! A HUMAN CANNOT SURVIVE IN THIS RAREFIED ATMOSPHERE LIKE AN ANDROID!
..AND TRUST ME I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

TO BE CONTINUED SCRIPT: J.P DIONNET ART: BILAL

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heavy-footed, *adj.*, heavy or clumsy in walking, r

heavy-handed, *adj.*, 1) clumsy, tactless. 2) oppressiv tyrannical.

heavy metal, *n.* 1) a metal of high specific gravity. 2) gun or shot of large size, hence fig., ability, mental or bodily; power, influence, as "he is a man of *heavy metal*" 3) music that is predominantly brass or electronically produced; loud rock music with strong, sensuous rhythms. 4) from the French *Metal Hurlant*, lit., screaming metal, a magnificent new magazine with emphasis on brilliant and unusual science fiction/fantasy art, bizarre stories, etc.

racket, *n.* (Slang), a branch of crime that involves or ma personal violence.

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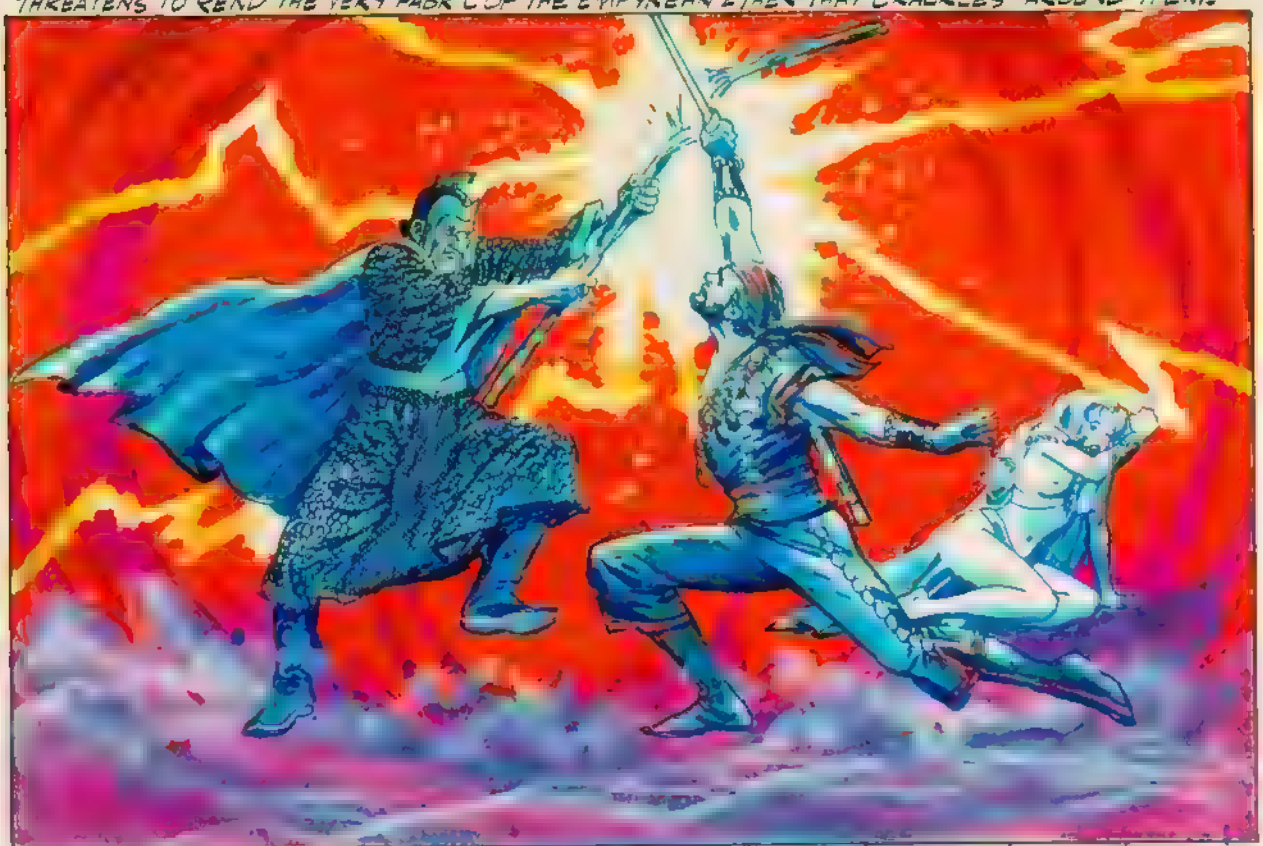
ORION

CHAPTER 8

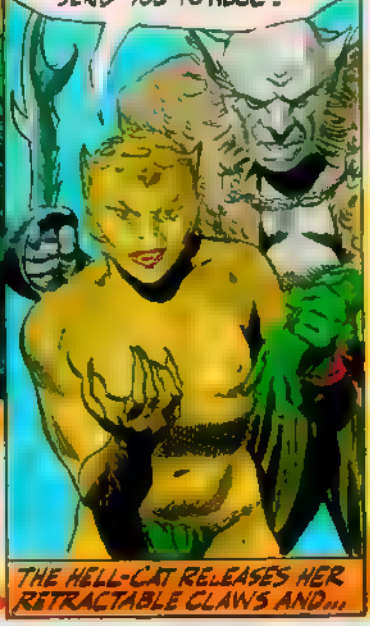
ORION AND SPRITE HAVE TAKEN REFUGE IN THE MUSTY LABORATORY CELLARS THAT HOUSE THE GREAT VAPOR MACHINES. SPRITE BECOMES WEAK AND FAINT FROM PROXIMITY TO THE POWERFUL SPELL THAT GUARDS THEM. THEIR PRESENCE IN THON'S RETREAT WARNS CHANDRA AND SHE HURRIES TO DEFEND IT. UNDER COVER OF THE DROON'S ATTACK, LAMONTHOS ENTERS UNSEEN AND SMASHES THE DEVICES, THUS DOOMING CHANDRA. WIZARD AND SORCERESS ENGAGE IN A MAGICAL COMBAT, AND CHANDRA, BESTED, ESCAPES THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGE. ORION AND LAMONTHOS CLASH IN A TERRIFIC BATTLE FOR POSSESSION OF THORBOLT, WHICH THREATENS TO REND THE VERY FABRIC OF THE EMPYREAN ETHER THAT CRACKLES AROUND THEM!



THORBOLT PROVES TO BE THE STRONGER WEAPON. HIS WAND SHATTERED, LAMONTHOS IS CORNERED WHEN...

...FELINA AND URZA BURST IN, HELL-BENT ON REVENGE!

AAH! I TOLD YOU MY NOSE WOULD LEAD US TO THE SWINE! COME, MASTER, EMBRACE ME ONE FINAL TIME BEFORE I SEND YOU TO HELL!



THE HELL-CAT RELEASES HER RETRACTABLE CLAWS AND...

...SPRINGS!

THE SHE-BEAST!

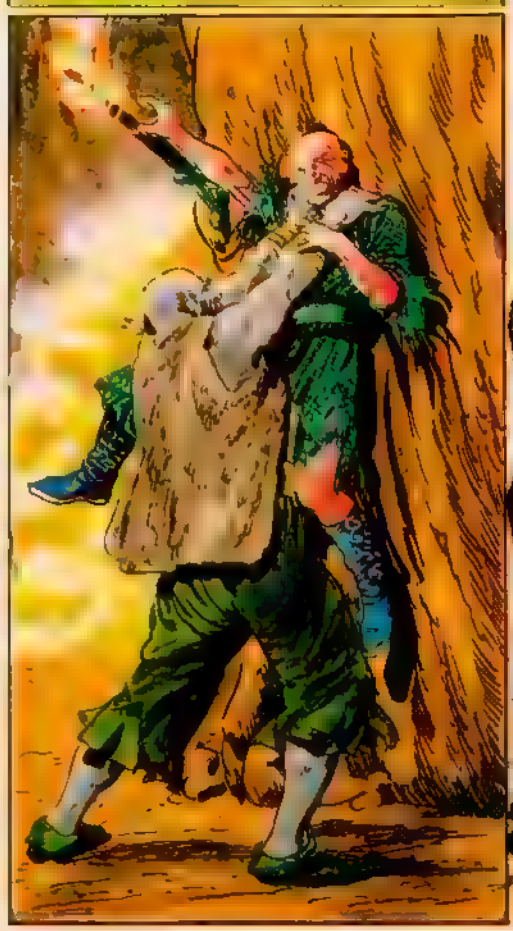
WHAT IN--!

THE CAT-WOMAN IS AT HIS JUGULAR BEFORE THE MAGE CAN CONTRIVE A PROTECTIVE SPELL...

...BUT THE WILY WIZARD, IN AN ASTONISHING DISPLAY OF AGILITY, ENMESHES FELINA IN THE VOLUMINOUS FOLDS OF HIS CLOAK AND STUNS HER WITH A BLOW OF HIS BROKEN STAFF.

BELLICOSE BITCH!

HE FREES HIMSELF, HOWEVER, ONLY TO FALL INTO URZA'S BEAR-LIKE CLUTCHES.



ALMOST QUICKER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, LAMONTHOS EXTRICATES HIMSELF FROM THE GIANT MUTE'S GRIP AND DISAPPEARS THROUGH CHANDRA'S PREVIOUS AVENUE OF ESCAPE.

UNHEEDFUL OF THE INTERLOPERS, ORION RUSHES TO SPRITE'S SIDE.
SPRITE! WHAT IS IT?
THE END ORION! FOR ME, AT LEAST. CHANDRA HAS LIVED TOO LONG... AND WHEN THE SANDS OF TIME RUN OUT FOR HER, SO DO THEY TOO, FOR ME.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
IN MY RECOUNTING OF THE TALE OF THIS SHADOWED VALLEY I OMITTED MENTION OF THIS-THON, WHO GAVE CHANDRA IMMORTALITY. GAVE ME THE SAME CURSE BY INEXTRICABLY ENTWINING MY LIFE FORCE WITH HERS HE KNEW SHE MIGHT, OUT OF JEALOUSY, TERMINATE MY EXISTENCE. SHOULD SHE DO SO, SHE WOULD THEREFORE COMMIT SUICIDE. THAT IS WHY SHE STEEPED HERSELF IN THE BLACK ARTS AND SOUGHT YOUR SWORD...
...IN THE HOPE THAT SOMEHOW I COULD BE USED TO SEVER THE LINK THAT JOINS HER BEING WITH MINE. DON'T BE SAD, MY LOVE. I USED YOU TO END THON'S MACABRE JAPE ON US, JUST AS I SO OFTEN, HOWEVER, UNWILLINGLY MANIPULATED OTHER MEN FOR CHANDRA'S DARK PURPOSES. NOW I DON'T HAVE TO PLAY THE GAME ANY LONGER...
BUT I LOVE YOU!
NO, SWEET FOOL I'M THE ARTIFICE AND PROFANITY OF A BLACK MAGICIAN AND I'D BE GLADLY. SOON MY SIREN SISTER EXPIRES, AND SO DO I PLEASE... HOLD ME CLOSE THEN FOR THESE LAST FEW MOMENTS...
, THEN YOU MUST DEPART QUICKLY. THE ADJACENT CHAMBER HOUSES ONE OF THON'S MARVELS--AN AIRSHIP. USE IT TO ESCAPE THE IRE OF THE INVIDIOUS DROONS... THEY'LL TORCH THE TOWERS...
57

IN THE MEANTIME, CHANDRA, PREFERRING A QUICK DEATH, CONFRONTS THE HOWLING DROONS...

...AND THEY DO NOT DISAPPOINT HER.

IN TRUTH, A CONFLAGRATION ROARS THROUGH THE FIVE TOWERS OF CASTLE CLAW. IN THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE DROONS AND CHANDRA'S GUARDIANS AN OVERTURNED BRAZIER HAS TURNED THE STRONGHOLD INTO A VERITABLE CREMATORIUM!

TO BE CONTINUED~

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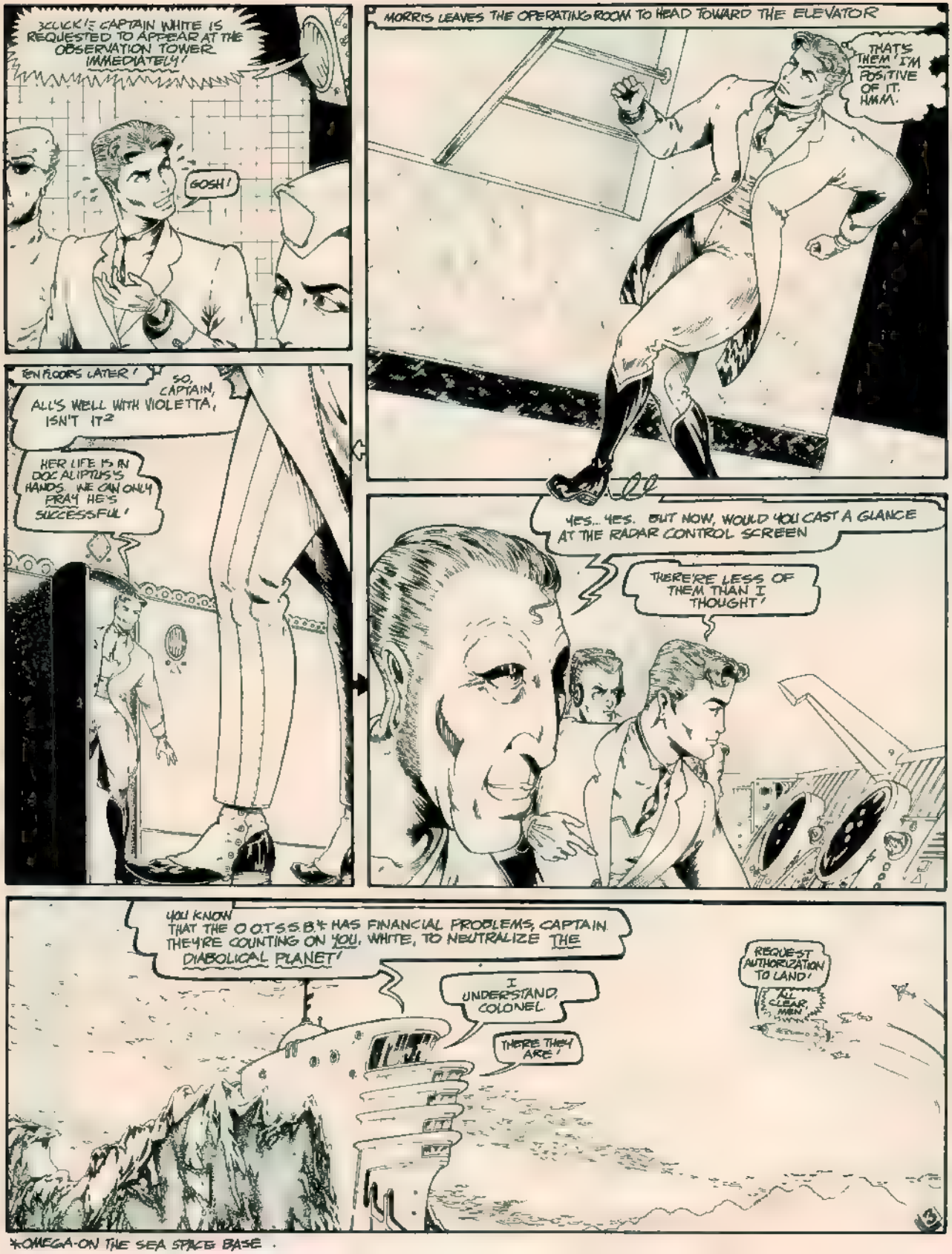
THE GREAT TRAP

THE GREAT TRAP
by Denis Sire
THE SPATIAL ADVENTURES OF M. WHITE 4TH EPISODE
1

THE HYDROMETRIC INDICATOR IS OPERATIONAL. YOU CAN LOWER THE CONTROL TO 100 WATTS!
O.K., DOC!
TUT TUT
TUT
TUT
AIEE! AIEE!
THE ELECTRIC CONDENSER TICKS OVER GENTLY, UNTIL SUDDENLY!...
A BLINDING LIGHT ENCIRCLES VIOLETTA'S BODY! THE OPERATION HAS BEGUN!!..
"...YOU GUARANTEE THAT THERE ISN'T ANY DANGER TO HER?
NONE! SURELY YOU REALIZE, YOUNG MAN, THAT ALL MY EXPERIMENTS ARE SUCCESSFUL!
I HOPE SO, FOR YOUR SAKE!
I SEE THAT AS A MILITARY MAN, YOU HAVE NO CONFIDENCE IN A FAMOUS MAN OF SCIENCE LIKE MYSELF!
OH, NO! I JUST DON'T WANT ANY HARM TO COME TO VIOLETTA, THAT'S ALL
21

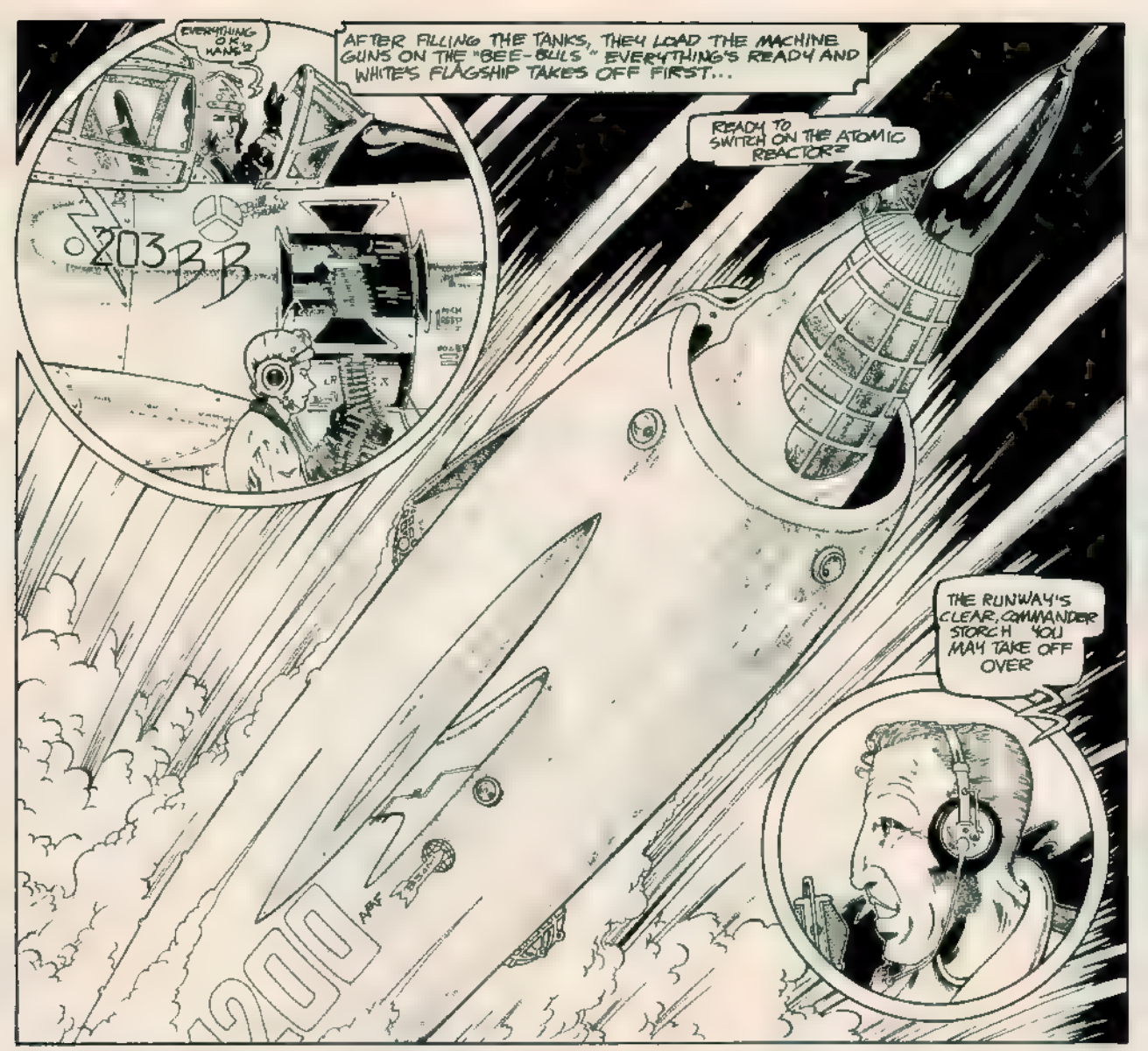

3CLICK! CAPTAIN WHITE IS REQUESTED TO APPEAR AT THE OBSERVATION TOWER IMMEDIATELY!
GOSH!
MORRIS LEAVES THE OPERATING ROOM TO HEAD TOWARD THE ELEVATOR
THAT'S THEM! I'M POSITIVE OF IT. HMM.
TEN FLOORS LATER!
SO, CAPTAIN, ALL'S WELL WITH VIOLETTA, ISN'T IT?
HER LIFE IS IN DOCALIPTUS'S HANDS. WE CAN ONLY PRAY HE'S SUCCESSFUL!
YES... YES. BUT NOW, WOULD YOU CAST A GLANCE AT THE RADAR CONTROL SCREEN
THERE'RE LESS OF THEM THAN I THOUGHT!
YOU KNOW THAT THE OOTSSB* HAS FINANCIAL PROBLEMS, CAPTAIN. THEY'RE COUNTING ON YOU, WHITE, TO NEUTRALIZE THE DIABOLICAL PLANET!
I UNDERSTAND, COLONEL.
THERE THEY ARE!
REQUEST AUTHORIZATION TO LAND!
ALL CLEAR, MEN.
13

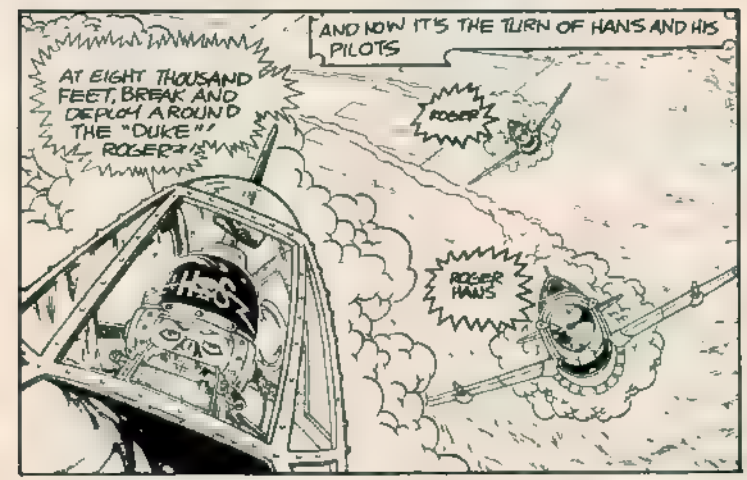
*OMEGA-ON THE SEA SPACE BASE.

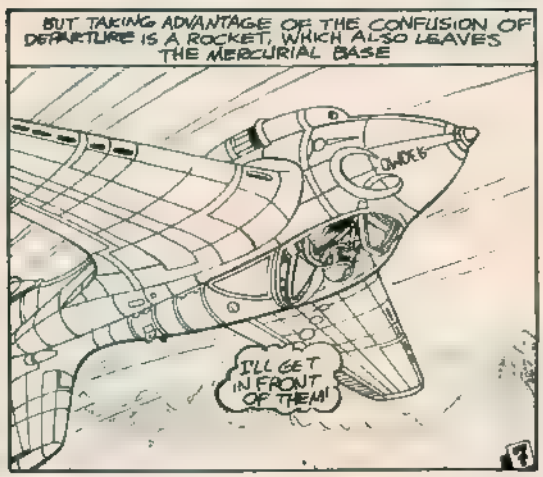
AND WITH A DEAFENING SOUND, THE ROCKET FLAGSHIP "DUKE-U-235" LANDS ON THE MERCURIAL BASE
U.S.-235
THEN THE THREE ESCORT "BEE-BEE 203's" LAND IN THEIR TURN
I HAVE SOME ORDERS TO GIVE TO THE CREW OF YOUR SHIP! SHOULD I WAIT FOR YOU?
I'LL GET READY AND MEET YOU ON THE RUNWAY
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN! ANYWAY, SHE WOULDN'T HEAR YOU.
YOU CONTINUE WITHOUT ME, SINCE I HAVE TO LEAVE YOU
A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATER, MORRIS IS READY FOR ACTION!
PRESS ON! PRESS ON! BY ALL THE PLANETS, WITH ALL THIS GOING ON, I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO VIOLETTA

ARRIVING AT THE RUNWAY
AT EASE, MEN.
HERE ARE JIM AND HIS WIFE, WHO BROUGHT THE SHIP HERE
HIS WIFE?? / WHAT? / MONA... BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! SHE HAD NO RIGHT! TREASON!
WELL, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN-AS A MARRIED WOMAN, SHE HAS THE RIGHT TO ACCOMPANY HER HUSBAND! IT'S ALL ACCORDING TO THE RULES!
OH, JIM, OLD BUDDY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE NO, I MUST BE DREAMING
YOU KNOW, ALDO, WE'LL BE BETTER OFF IN OUR OLD TUBS.
EXCUSE ME! DID I HEAR YOU CORRECTLY?
WHAT? LET'S JUST SAY THAT WITH A CHIEF LIKE YOU I WOULD PREFER TO BE IN MY "BEE-BUL"... I'VE LANDED AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW
WHY!!
OH, YEAH?
SLAM
5

WELL, NOW YOU'VE BEEN INFORMED! I WILL ACCEPT NO LAPSE IN DISCIPLINE, FOR OUR MISSION AGAINST THE DIABOLICAL PLANET IS ESSENTIAL TO THE FUTURE OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU, MONA?..
NICE UPPERCUT
NOW I WILL ADDRESS THE ESCORT PILOTS TO TELL THEM THE FOLLOWING IN CASE OF ENEMY ATTACK IN THE INTERFERENCE ZONE, THEY MUST DEFEND THE "DUKE" SHIP ONLY! AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANY INDIVIDUAL STUNTS UNDERSTAND... COMMANDER HANS STORCH!!
THE BRIEFING OVER, THE CREW RETURNS TO THEIR SHIP
DAMN! I THINK I LOVE HIM MORE THAN EVER!
OH LA LA! HE DIDN'T SEEM TOO THRILLED TO LEARN WE'RE MARRIED.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MONA. HE'LL COME AROUND
GOOD-BYE, COLONEL LOVECORN! TAKE CARE OF VIOLETTA
GOOD-BYE, CAPTAIN... AH! BY THE WAY, I'VE LOADED MY "DEFIANT A-S" FOR YOU PERHAPS IT WOULD BE APPROPRIATE FOR WHITE TO DEFEND THE "DUKE-U-235"...


EVERYTHING O.K. HANS?
AFTER FILLING THE TANKS, THEY LOAD THE MACHINE GUNS ON THE "BEE-BULS" EVERYTHING'S READY AND WHITE'S FLAGSHIP TAKES OFF FIRST...
READY TO SWITCH ON THE ATOMIC REACTOR?
THE RUNWAY'S CLEAR, COMMANDER STORCH YOU MAY TAKE OFF OVER


AND NOW IT'S THE TURN OF HANS AND HIS PILOTS
AT EIGHT THOUSAND FEET, BREAK AND DEPLOY AROUND THE "DUKE"! ROGER?
ROGER!
ROGER HANS


BUT TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION OF DEPARTURE IS A ROCKET, WHICH ALSO LEAVES THE MERCURIAL BASE
I'LL GET IN FRONT OF THEM!

MUCH LATER, ON THE GREAT ROAD THROUGH SPACE
STILL NOTHING, HANS?
NOTHING!
I'M DYING OF BOREDOM, CAPTAIN!
MAYBE SO, COMMANDER BUT I IMPLORE YOU NOT TO LET YOUR ATTENTION WANDER! OVER.
MEANWHILE, THAT VERY NIGHT ON THE DIABOLICAL PLANET
HOT DAMN! THIS TIME, I'M GOING TO GET THAT GUY WHITE!
JIM HAS LEFT TO RELIEVE MORRIS WHITE AT THE COMMANDS OF THE "DUKE" AS FOR MONA, SHE CHOSE TO REMAIN ALONE.
MORRIS MUST BE IN HIS CABIN NOW
I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM, WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT!

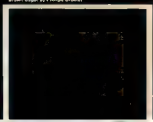
NO, DON'T MOVE, MORRIS!
NO!
MONA ENTERS THE ROOM
GENTLY, SOLDIER.
YOU DEVILISH CREATURE. HEH?!
PINK
MAD. SHE'S MAD!
RELAX, MORRIS.. AREN'T YOU GOING TO BE NICE TO ME?
BY ALL THE PLANETS, I'M ACTUALLY SOBER, BUT I FEEL THE SAME DESIRE FOR YOU YOUR STOMACH... YOUR...
WHY NOT ADMIT YOU LOVE ME, PRETTY BOY.. EH!
COME ON, LET'S BE REASONABLE. YOU'VE MISSED ME A LOT, MORRIS DARLING...

ALAS THERE'S ALWAYS GOT TO BE SOMEONE WHO COMES AND SPOILS IT ALL, EVEN THE MOST GENUINE LOVE.
SO, WHAT IS IT?
UM.. WELL. I.. WE JUST ENTERED THE INTERFERENCE ZONE OF THE DIABOLICAL PLANET .!
HEAVENS! MY HUSBAND!
OK
I MUST REJOIN THE ESCORT IN ORDER TO DEFEND OUR SHIP..
DON'T DO ANYTHING SILLY!
I'LL EXPLAIN THE SITUATION TO JIM HE'LL UNDERSTAND.
YES YES GOOD BYE
AT THE SAME MOMENT.. THE SIS*EN ROUTE TOWARD ITS TARGET: THE "DUKE-U-235"
*SPATIAL INTERVENTION SQUADRON
JIM?!
BAM
HIS WIFE RUNS TOWARD HIM, BUT
JIM, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, YOU IDIOT? WHY... ANSWER ME.!!
DEATH.. SLUT
TO BE CONTINUED

TIME MACHINE

Bounty Hunter by Joe Jusko

Brown Sugar by Philippe Druillet



Mistress Diana by Alex Nino

The Season of the Witch by Chris Caldwell

Jyrkle © Manuel Wm. Kaluta

Shock ! by George Smith

Afternoon at the Circus by Matthew Guzyhe

Iron Lady on the Shoreline by Tom Kidner

19 HEAVY METAL 79 Calendar

The fantasy calendar for 1979 is from *Heavy Metal*, of course. From its cover by Richard Corben to Moebius in December, a year's worth of stunning, haunting, exciting ORIGINAL illustrations by *Heavy Metal* artists—including Druillet, Clavelioux, and Kaluta, and special dates—Tarzan's birthday, Druid feasts, the anniversary of the end of the world. Order two—it's an ideal gift for old rich relatives with weak hearts.

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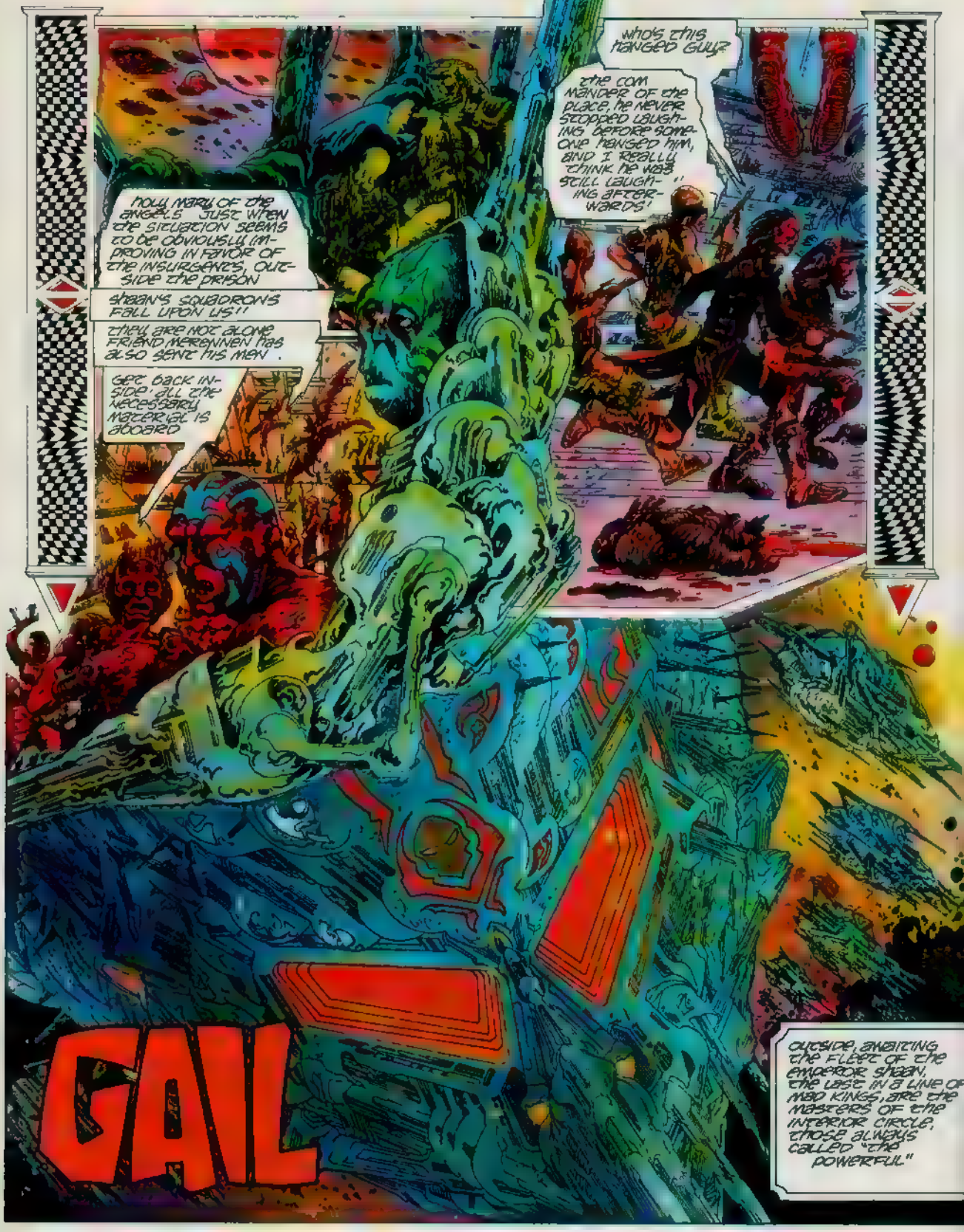
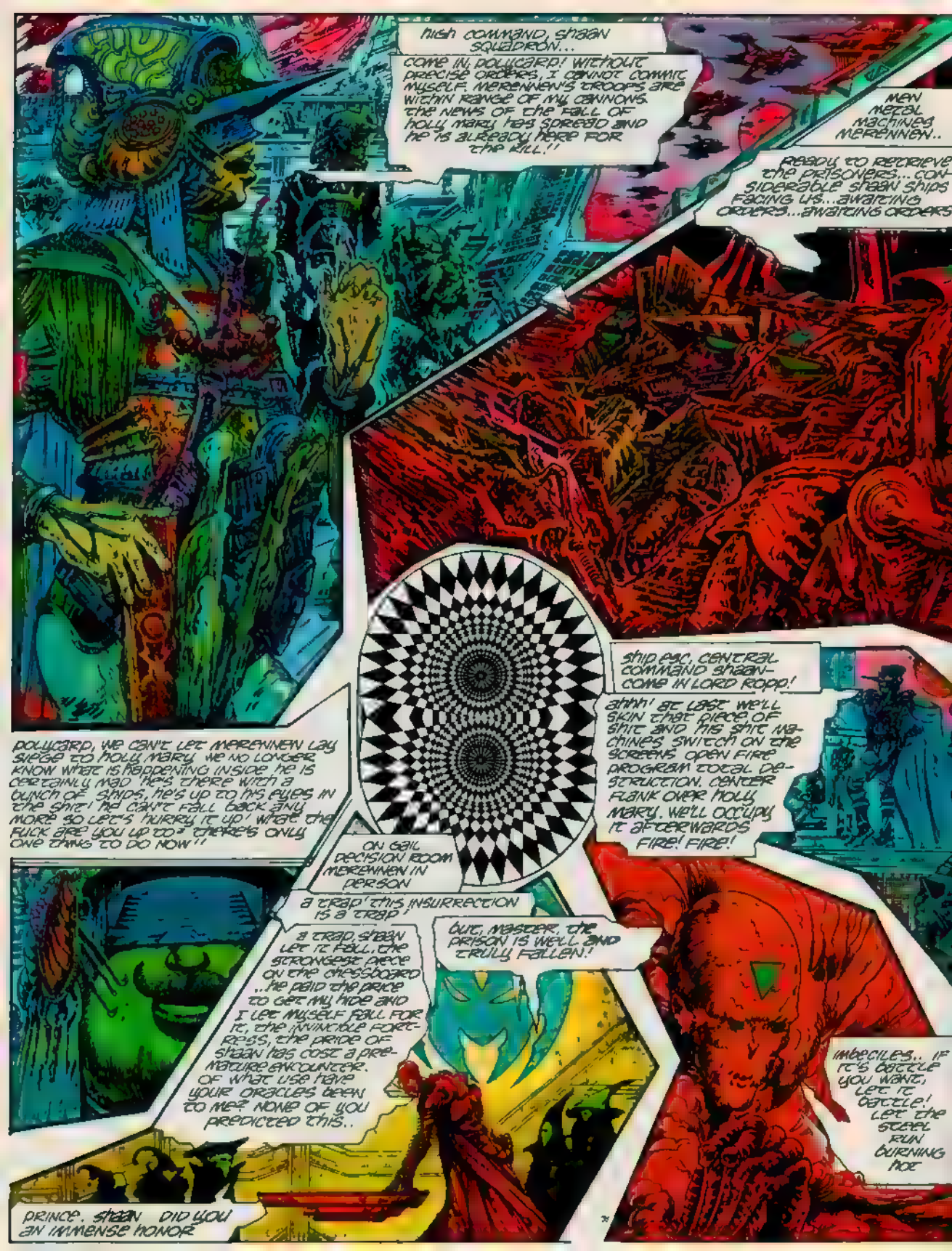

who's this hanged guy?
the commander of the place, he never stopped laughing before someone hanged him, and I really think he was still laughing afterwards!
holy mary of the angels! just when the situation seems to be obviously improving in favor of the insurgents, outside the prison
shaan's squadrons fall upon us!!
they are not alone, friend merennen has also sent his men.
get back inside! all the necessary material is aboard
GAIL
outside, awaiting the fleet of the emperor shaan, the last in a line of mad kings, are the masters of the interior circle, those always called "the powerful"

what are those?
"the eyes of the night"! more of merennen's gadgets. seems they're looking for someone...
across the way come prince merennen's steel killers from the gigantic planet, gail, nest of the red spider...


hish command, shaan squadron...
come in, bouicard! without precise orders, I cannot commit myself. merennen's troops are within range of my cannons. the news of the fall of holy mary has spread and he is already here for the kill.''
men metal machines merennen..
ready to retrieve the prisoners... considerable shaan ships facing us...awaiting orders...awaiting orders
bouicard, we can't let merennen lay siege to holy mary. we no longer know what is happening inside he is certainly mad. has there with a bunch of ships, he's up to his eyes in the shit! he can't fall back any more so let's hurry it up! what the fuck are you up to? there's only one thing to do now!''
on sail decision room merennen in person
a trap! this insurrection is a trap!
a trap, shaan let it fall, the strongest piece on the chessboard ..he paid the price to get my hide and I let myself fall for it, the invincible fortress, the pride of shaan has cost a premature encounter. of what use have your oracles been to me? none of you predicted this..
quit, master, the prison is well and truly fallen!
prince, shaan did you an immense honor
ship exc, central command shaan- come in lord ropp!
ahhh! at last we'll skin that piece of shit and his shit machines switch on the screens open fire program total destruction. center flank over holy mary. we'll occupy it afterwards fire! fire!
imbeciles.. if it's battle you want, let it battle! let the steel run burning hot

A MASS OF BEAMS, RAYS, DETECTORS, SCREENS, ELECTRIC FINGERS WHICH SEARCH TO KILL IN THE SILENCE OF THE VOID... LIGHT..
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY OUT THERE!!
THEY'RE FIRING AT OUR HEADS OUT THERE! DIDN'T THAT FAKE SORCERER PREDICT THAT TO YOU?
SHOOT THOSE WHO ARE WITHIN RANGE INFORM ALL THE RESISTANCE GROUPS THAT THE HOUR HAS COME TO FIGHT, THE HOUR TO BLOW SHAAN MERENNEN AND ALL THE OTHER SCUM OUT INTO SPACE WE'LL KNOW BETTER WHERE TO STRIKE SLOANE, YOU MUST KNOW THAT...
HEY! WHERE'D THAT ONE GET TO?
FORGET IT, JUST SOME SORCERER BUZZING OFF!
LITTLE SHIT, WE SHOULD HAVE GOT HIM WITH A DAMNED SURPRISE ATTACK. AS FAR AS I KNOW, HE'S SHAAN'S LOVER, ISN'T HE?
WHO KNOWS WHAT SHAAN DID TO HIM SO MANY YEARS AGO, WHAT SECRET BINDS THEM? ALL THAT HATRED, ALL THEIR FURY, GOT UNDER SLOANE'S SKIN. BUT ALL THAT HAS BECOME LEGEND
ENOUGH DREAMING THERE'S WORK TO DO!
LEAVE THE SPHERE, OPEN THE DOOR. GO. I WANT TO KNOW

TO BE CONTINUED.

When there is no more room in hell...
the dead will walk the earth

George A. Romero's

DAWN OF THE DEAD

In this George A. Romero horror, a third film trilogy tracing the growth of a "Zombie" Society. The first film was the cult classic "Night Of The Living Dead".

"DAWN OF THE DEAD" (in Living Color) is the long awaited second film. The last film, "Day Of The Dead" should hit the screens about 1988.

Anyway, while you're waiting for "DAWN OF THE DEAD's" premiere you can enjoy a limited edition T-shirt. To order send a check for $6.00 plus $0.50 cents postage & handling to The Laurel Group, Inc. 150 East 58th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Let us know your name, address, zip code, and size (S, M, L, XL). Please print clearly and allow 4 weeks for delivery.

P.S. We didn't show you the video shirt we proposed. Life, like the movies, should have some surprises. Also accept our apology for not providing an order form to clip out, this magazine is too nice to cut up.

PHOTO: K[illegible]

©1978 DAWN ASSOCIATES

Major Grubert

and the hermetically sealed garage of Jerry Cornelius by Moebius

OUR STORY TO DATE

THE SITUATION HAS DETERIORATED, BUT IT'S ONLY SUPERFICIAL, AS THE DRAMA IS JUST ABOUT TO BEGIN. YET NO MATTER FOR MAJOR GRUBERT, EXPLORER OF MYSTERIES THE GREATEST FISHERMAN OF MARVELS IN ALL THE UNIVERSE WAITS FOR HIS DRINK OF WHEATAL BROTH, IN THE COMPANY OF THE TWO ARMJOURTH NATIVES

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, MISTER! IT MUST BE THE AUTHOR HIMSELF WHO D.D IT ON PURPOSE-- YOU KNOW, MOEBIUS'

EVEN SO, I DON'T LIKE IT. IT'S SO LITTLE, LIKE THAT! IT'S NOT NICE! NO IT'S NOT NICE I PREFER IT BIG SO EVERYONE CAN READ IT!

I LIFT MY HAT TO SALUTE YOU AND TO REQUEST A FAVOR OF YOU OVER THERE AT THE END OF THE TABLE IS MY FRIEND, WHO WOULD SO MUCH LIKE TO TALK TO YOU.

JUST A FEW WORDS NO I MORE

TALK TO ME Z

WELL, IT'S QUITE OBVIOUS, JOCELYN, THAT YOU ARE NOT AS LOST AS YOU THOUGHT!

YOU SEE, I AM WITH THESE TWO HUMANS..

I SEE..

GO ON, JOCELYN DON'T MIND US.

IT'S NORMAL TO HAVE FRIENDS OF YOUR OWN KIND

COULD IT BE GRAADZ

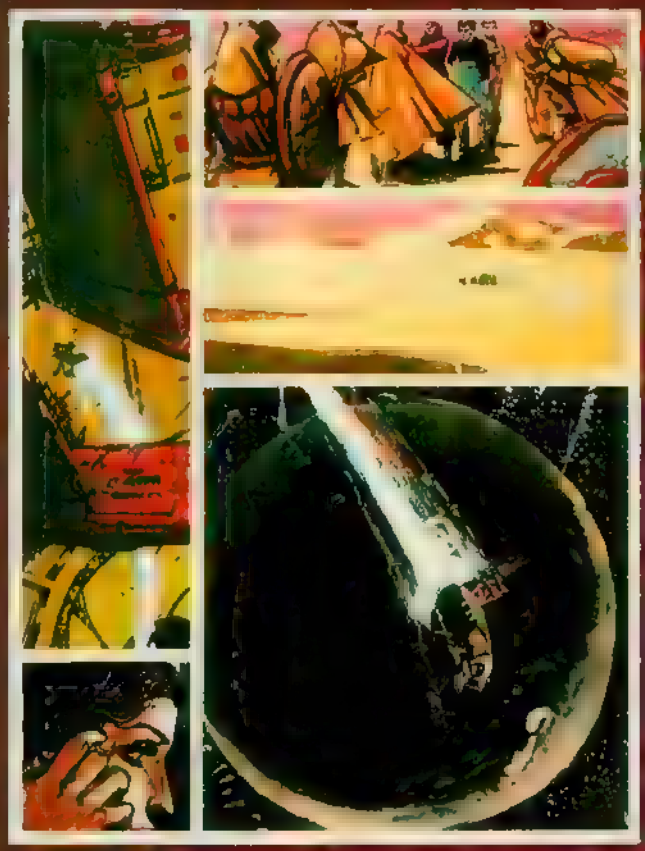
THIS WAY!

SAMUEL MOHAB!! YOU!!! HERE!

MOEBIUS 77

THAT'S THE MAN WHO KILLED THE TOMB-WRECKER! HE KILLED! HE MUST DIE! . ARDANT, USE YOUR GUN AND KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
WHERE IS HE?
I CAN'T SEE. WHERE?
THERE! THERE!
SINCE YOU'VE RECOGNIZED ME, MAJOR GRUBERT.
HURRY, GIVE ME YOUR REPORT ON THE THREE LEVELS! FAST!
BANG
WHAAAM IN THE HEAD!
HE SHOT! HE KILLED!....
TO BE CONTINUED

YOU KNEW IT COULD HAPPEN BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHEN.



the visual novel

You knew how fantastic science fiction could be. You read it in your first Bradbury. You saw it in Close Encounters. You glimpsed it in Heavy Metal.

Now Samuel R. Delany, Hugo and Nebula award-winning author of Dhalgren, and Howard V. Chaykin, award-winning Star Wars artist, have taken science fiction a step further in an incredible 112-page full color journey to the 61st century. Their book is a fantastic synthesis of ideas—Delany's speculative fantasy meshed with Chaykin's graphic storytelling. Empire is a fast-paced excursion into a galaxy of starships, undersea cities and exotic moons. It's a story of three strangers joined in a struggle for freedom—a search for a secret tangled in the stars. Over 300 sweeping illustrations are reproduced in a large 9 x 12 format on heavy stock.

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EXPLORER COLONY 6

This view of the Serian Millenium starship bears little resemblance to any previously recorded. A mountain on a plate contained and protected by a magnetic shell and powered by massive engines ("Galactic Geographic," *HM*, May '78), this photo from an overlook on the mountain itself reveals not only the vista above the horizon, where meteorites are pulverized by the magna-shell before they can damage the colony, but also deep beneath the surface of the lakes, where darker bands of blue provide breathtaking evidence of the structure upon which the mountain was built. The starship, occupying nearly 300 cubic kilometers of space, moves at a steady acceleration rate, providing a gravity equivalent to that of the home planet Seria.

The Serians welcome visitors but are reluctant to reveal detailed information about their colony which is moving through space toward the galactic hub. We were told that the structures in this picture are part of their food processing facilities and that almost all manufacturing was done inside the mountain, leaving the surface as an ecological facsimile of Seria. The Federation Diplogroup was shown only the surface of the starship, and to our dismay was not permitted to enter the main body, which we were told is the center of activities in the colony.

The author recorded this image with Serian permission, one of only three pictures approved for release. Three Serian pilots wave greetings from our host vehicle arriving to take us to the departure station. Below them are some of the plants and animals of this carbon-based ecology that, like Earth, has chlorophyl-bearing plants and oxygen-breathing animals.

Of special interest to the scientists in our group was the artificial sun that orbited the starship, slowly creating a day and night for the surface and the illusion of planetary stability for its occupants. Perhaps as interesting as the starship itself was the strained social situation of having everyone present, even our hosts, feeling like a visitor in someone else's world. Oddly, this picture seems to convey that feeling of tense compensation which haunted us long after we returned to our ship.

From the *Stellar Journals of Karl Kofoed*

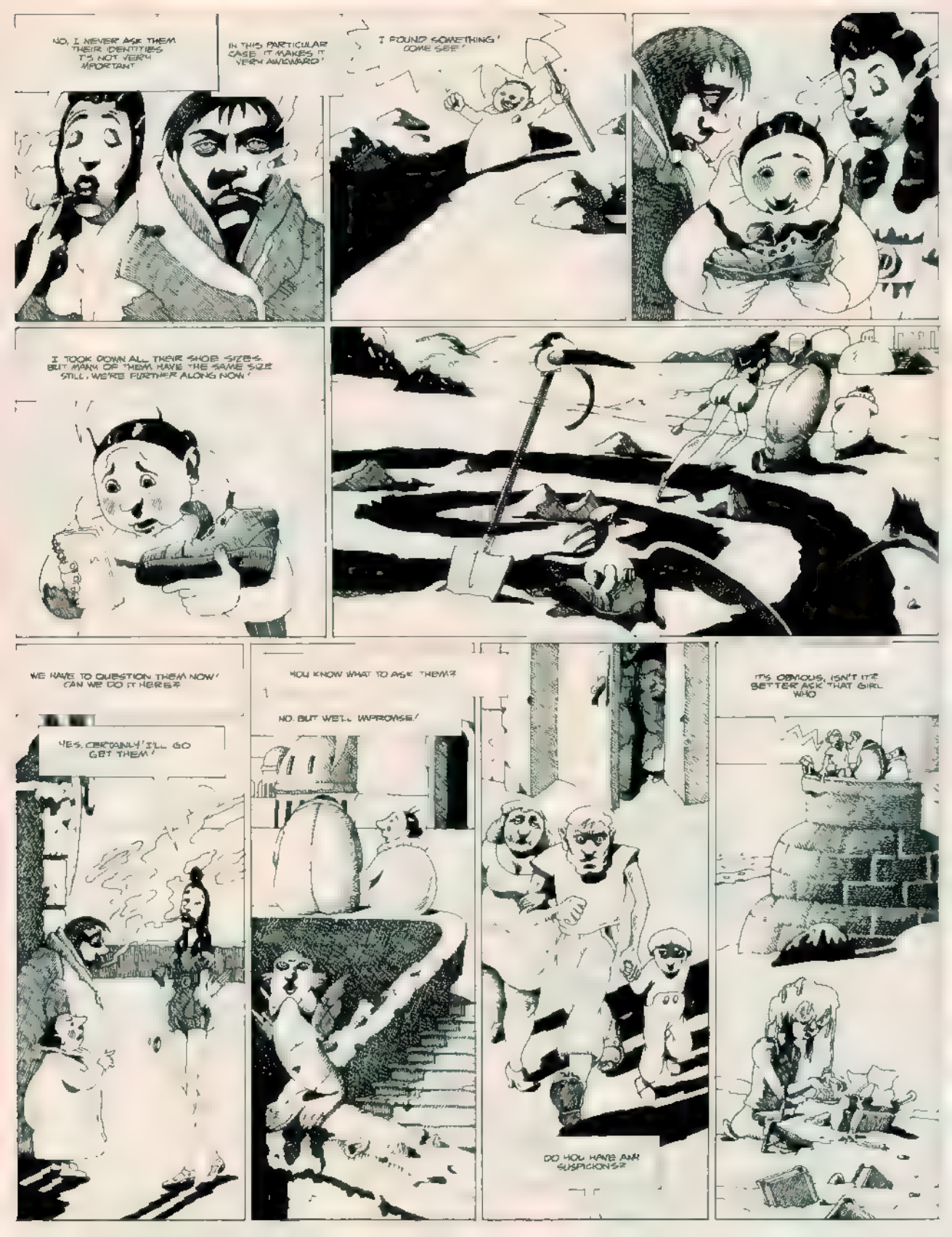
OFF-AS
YOU SEE ANYTHING
HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HERE
INDEED
WE'RE BEING WATCHED THIS IS NOT THE TIME TO CRACK UP
YES I'M A LITTLE BIT AFRAID BUT I'LL BE ALL RIGHT
207
THAT'S STRANGE THERE'S A ROPE AND NO ONE AT THE END OF IT NO ONE !
THE WORST IS OVER! 'TIS ALL UNFOLDING VERY QUICKLY TS 9 23

WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO KNOW!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?
DID HE JUMP?
HE COULD HAVE CHOSEN ANOTHER YEAR TO DO IT!
DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! STAND BACK! SCOOT! SCAT THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE!
YES YES, YOU WILL BE QUESTIONED!
RIGHT NOW WE NEED SOME PEACE!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
THIS IS REALLY GREAT!
STOP DREAMING WE HAVE AN INQUIRY TO DIRECT AND AN IMPORTANT ONE
HEY HEM
THERE ARE NO CLUES, NONE HARDLY ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!
WELL, ANYWAY
H'EM! HEM!
YOU DON'T INTEND TO HOLD THE INQUIRY LIKE THAT DO YOU?
WHY NOT? IT'S THE BEST POSITION FOR REFLECTION!
I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY!
ALREADY!
I THINK I'M THE LAST PERSON TO HAVE SEEN THE SAD MAN!
VERY INTERESTING DO CONTINUE!
AND BE AS PRECISE AS POSSIBLE

LAST NIGHT VERY LATE I WAS PLAYING THE PIANO QUIETLY ON THE BEACH IT WAS MILD AND VERY DARK
SUDDENLY, I FELT SOMEONE CLOSE TO ME IT WAS HE HE WAS LOOKING AT THE MOON ON THE WATER
I DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB HIM HE SMILED AT ME WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING I WENT ON PLAYING ON THE SLY HE SEEMED HAPPY, I THINK
AND THEN I REALIZED HE WANTED TO BE ALONE I RETURNED TO GO TO BED I NOTICED HIM FROM MY WINDOW
HE NEVER MOVED HE MUST HAVE STAYED THERE LIKE THAT FOR A LONG TIME STANDING, ALONE BEFORE THE SEA

HE COULD HAVE CAUGHT A COLD! CAN YOU SHOW US THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THIS TOOK PLACE?
HOW?
CERTAINLY! WE CAN FIGURE SOMETHING OUT
I'LL GO WITH YOU
AS IF THERE WERE ANY RUSH!
IT WAS THERE!
AH! THERE AND NOT ELSEWHERE! I COULDN'T SAY. THAT'S THE MYSTERY OF INTUITION. DURING THE NIGHT THE WIND AND TIDE MUST HAVE ERASED ALL TRACE OF HIS FOOTSTEPS. YET I RECOGNIZED THE PLACE WHERE HE WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE. I GIVE IN.
I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE!
DON'T BOTHER! HE'LL NEVER PASS THIS WAY AGAIN. YOU KNOW THAT VERY WELL!
ONE CAN ALWAYS ACT AS IF!

WE MUST DIG UP THE PLACE WHERE YOU WERE LAST NIGHT
YOU AREN'T GOING TO TURN THE WHOLE BEACH UPSIDE DOWN ARE YOU?
CAN I HELP?
OH YES! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!
WHO COULD HAVE HELD A GRUDGE AGAINST HIM? HE WAS SO QUIET!
WAS? WHY USE THE PAST TENSE? HE'S DISAPPEARED THAT'S ALL!
WHAT A PROFESSIONAL CONSCIENCE SHE'S REALLY VERY GOOD!
BEFORE SHELVING THE AFFAIR WE HAVE TO AT LEAST LOOK DON'T WE?
IT IS NOW 10:00. THIS INVESTIGATION SEEMS TO ME TO BE THE WORK OF A MASTER, BUT A MOST SINGULAR SORT
WE MUST DIG OVER THERE TOO! IT'S MOVING!
IT'S MOVING HERE TOO!
THERE TOO I'M GETTING THERE!
YOU KNOW HIS NAME, AT LEAST?

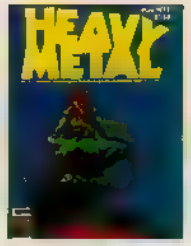

NO, I NEVER ASK THEM THEIR IDENTITIES IT'S NOT VERY IMPORTANT
IN THIS PARTICULAR CASE IT MAKES IT VERY AWKWARD!
I FOUND SOMETHING! COME SEE!
I TOOK DOWN ALL THEIR SHOE SIZES BUT MANY OF THEM HAVE THE SAME SIZE STILL, WE'RE FURTHER ALONG NOW!
WE HAVE TO QUESTION THEM NOW! CAN WE DO IT HERE?
YES, CERTAINLY! I'LL GO GET THEM!
YOU KNOW WHAT TO ASK THEM?
NO. BUT WE'LL IMPROVISE!
DO YOU HAVE ANY SUSPICIONS?
IT'S OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT? BETTER ASK THAT GIRL WHO

THAT GIRL WHO
NOTHING MORE THANK YOU' YOU CAN GO PLAY OUTSIDE
AH BUT EXCUSE ME' YOU MUST LISTEN TO HIS'
NEXT'
WHO DO THESE DOWN AND OUTS THINK THEY ARE?
IT'S A LOVELY INQUIRY ISN'T IT
THRILLING'
THE OTHER RESIDENTS FOLLOW EACH OTHER THE MINUTES PASS MY ATTENTION WANDERS AT TIMES THE GHASTLY GENERAL IMPRESSION THE SAME FOR ME WHO'S NOT REALLY INVOLVED IS THAT THEY DON'T REMEMBER THE SAD MAN AT ALL SOME NOTICED HIM A "HOW" SEEING HIM OTHERS NEVER EVEN SAW HIM-MOST NEVER SPOKE TO HIM
WHO'S IT ALL ABOUT?
CAN WE LEAVE THE HOTEL NOW?
I HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD THE SAD MAN CAME TO SPEAK TO ME SEVERAL TIMES HE WAS OBSESSED BY A FORMER LOVE HE COULD HAVE DISAPPEARED INTO HIS OWN DREAM HE MUST BE SOMEWHERE
WHAT CAN HE BE UP TO?
IF I ONLY KNEW?
MAYAM I SAW FOOTSTEPS NEAR THE ROPE

ALL THOSE WHO WISH TO HELP WITH THE SEARCH MEET HERE IN TWO MINUTES!
I'M WITH YOU! I WANT HIM DEAD OR ALIVE!
RELAX MAN, THIS ISN'T A WESTERN
TWO BY TWO, BEHIND ME!
TO BE CONTINUED

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM # 1 APRIL 1977 With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak and more ($5.00)



HM # 2, MAY 1977 Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet. Virgo, the cosmic maiden. Russian astronauts. Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival while Harzak, Sunpot and Den continue ($4.00)

HM # 3 JUNE 1977 Features *Night Images*, poetry by Corben's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben. Macedo's Rockabilly, the high-flying adventures of Sheila, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot and Harzak ($3.00)

HM # 4 JULY 1977 A must for Moebius fans with 12 pages of Harzak and his spy saga. The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, former adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the nymphs Gold Queen ($3.00)

HM # 13 APRIL 1978 Big deal first anniversary issue with 30 page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned. Also amidst the lung must die death's duet and the undead Barbarella gives birth. Oh and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den. ($2.00)

HM # 14 MAY 1978 Dives in with the Mad locales El Dorado goes to pieces on a bicycle, buys a cannabal clock, time-travels and cerebrally tap-dances with Nino. Not to mention Orion and Barbarella ($2.00)

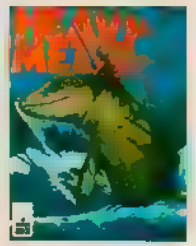
HM # 15 JUNE 1978 This time we go too far. For instance the ex-cite new Corben Shahrazad, he neurotic Evolution, the ecstatic More Than Human, the erotic Barbarella and the era of Them Changes. And an excerpt from Sabre and the origins of Heavian ($2.00)

HM # 16 JULY 1978 A happy ending to 1996, the resumption of Druillet's Gail, the further adventures of Heliman and Orion, More Than Human cont'd and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben ($2.00)

HM # 5 AUGUST 1977 In which the saga of Polonius begins. The Long Tomorrow concludes. World Apart and Den continue all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex and violence ($3.00)

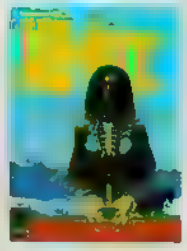
HM # 6/SEPTEMBER 1977 Galactic Aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den and Polonius plus a Roger Zelazny short story ($3.00)

HM # 7 OCTOBER 1977 Packed with knight's ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation and other hair-raising pastimes. 10 pages of color Moebius, the Air Light Garage, Den and Polonius redux and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon. ($3.00)



HM # 8 NOVEMBER 1977 With new color pages by Moebius and Rambaud, the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, bugs, intellectual mollusks, birth and death stars and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! ($3.00)

HM # 17 AUGUST 1978 Looks like more of the same with Orion, Corben's *A'abian Nights*, Heliman and he as More Than Human. Except Druillet's Gail goes again, the Off Season starts, cannibal robots get involved and somebody finally touches the right button. ($2.00)



HM # 18 SEPTEMBER, 1978 Starring Sindbad the Sailor, Esore, Queen of the Bubble Women, the Major's fiancee, two off-season detectives, Arcane, the Warrior, Heliman, Orion and Lone Sloane on Gail. Harlan Ellison's sewerful of babies. Plus more asinine gags and wheezes. ($2.00)

HM # 19 OCTOBER 1978 All Hallows breaks loose with an excerpt from *Dawn of the Dead*, the puberty rites of dragons, a zombie android called Exterminator, Esore's Glass Gobin, illustrated, and the ordeal of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More eerie exploits of Harold Sindbad, Gail, and Orion. ($2.00)

BEAUTIFUL VINYL BINDERS. White with black lettering and art with metal separators to hold and protect your magazines. Each holds twelve issues of *Heavy Metal*. $5.50.

HM # 9. DECEMBER 1977 This time we up to 64 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's Jeh Herd Yuzz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and Fortune's Fool by Haskin and Wein in addition to full color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Claveloux and Moebius ($3.00)

HM # 10. JANUARY 1978 We got Morrow to illustrate *Jeremy*, we got Lob and Pichard to update *Ulysses*, we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl, we concluded Conquering Armies and continued Den. Of course you know about the fincas, fog lights and the time warp. ($2.00)

HM # 11 FEBRUARY 1978 Wherein began the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch, and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual like Den. ($2.00)

HM # 12 MARCH 1978 In which we learn the evils of witch hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus the first swashbuckling episode of Orion. More Barbarella. More Urm. And still more Den. ($2.00)

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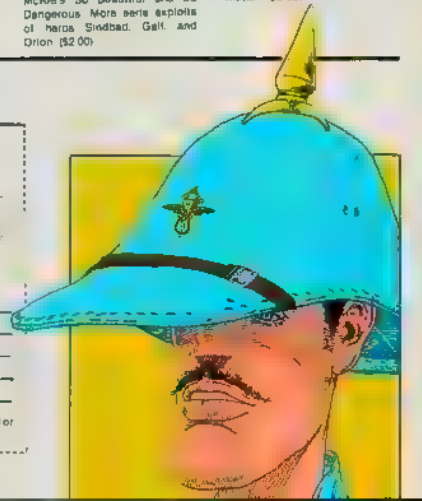


COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

EMPIRE

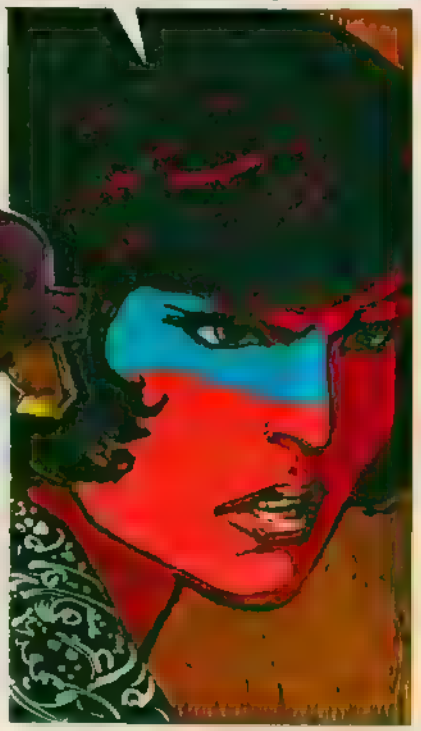
by Samuel Delany and Howard Chaykin

The year is 6279. The fascist Künduke have extended their grip over a thousand worlds as varied as the colors of our spectrum. The rebel Qrelon, having escaped the infamous generals, Loiptix and Akbrum, plots the upheaval of the empire through the secrets of the lost key to Ice--the nexus of information used by the Künduke

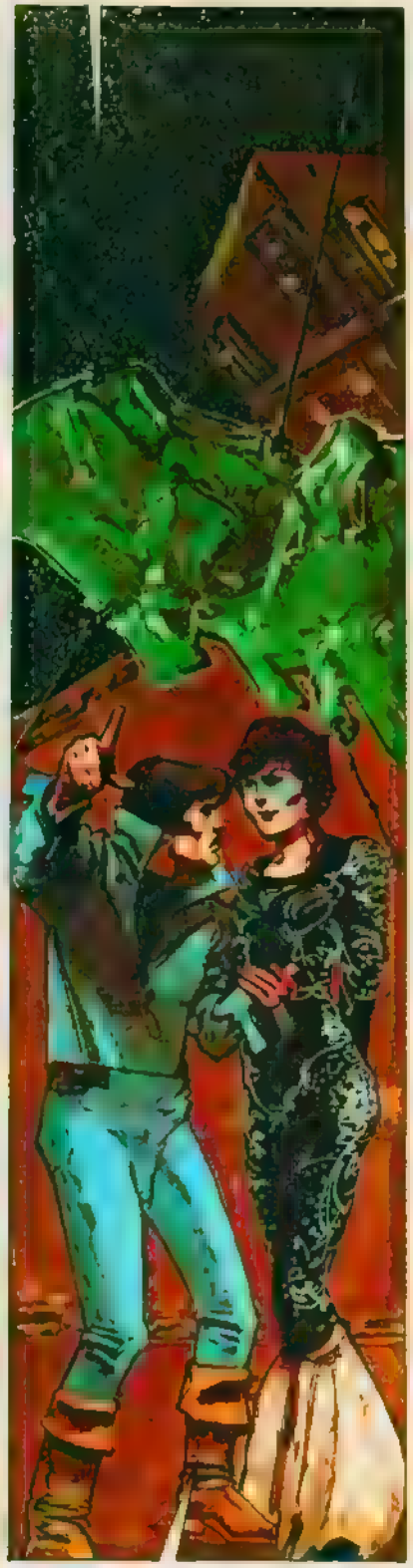
In her escape from Evrth, Qrelon is saved by Wryn, a young college student. Swept up on the rebel's *Proteus* ship, Wryn faces the tragedy and exhilaration of an interplanetary quest for freedom in a ravaged galaxy less innocent and far more dangerous than his own.

and a sleek, racing yacht slipped away from the Kunduke drones, who still searched for a tiny fighting craft.

"Blaz and I have traveled together half a dozen years, deviling the Kündüke on world after world. You've signed on in the middle of an adventure, boy

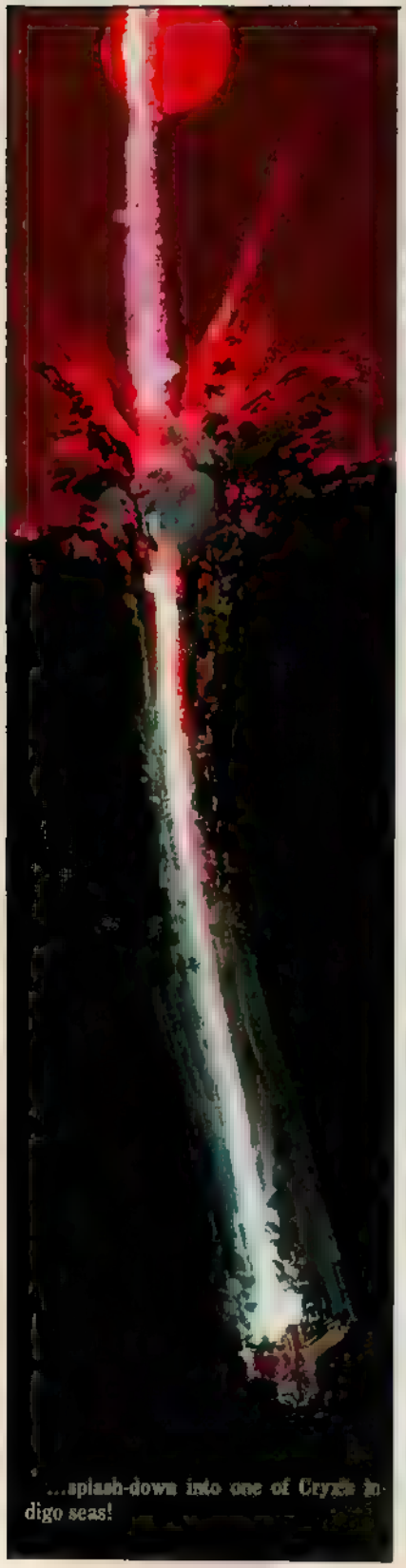


"Then tell me about the crystal fragment and where we're going now!



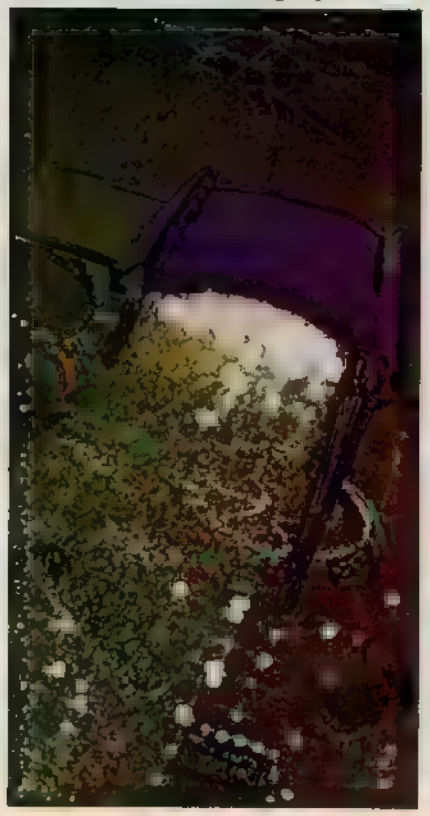
"Though you saved my life, I'd still be a fool to trust you. All I'll say is that our next stop is a world called .

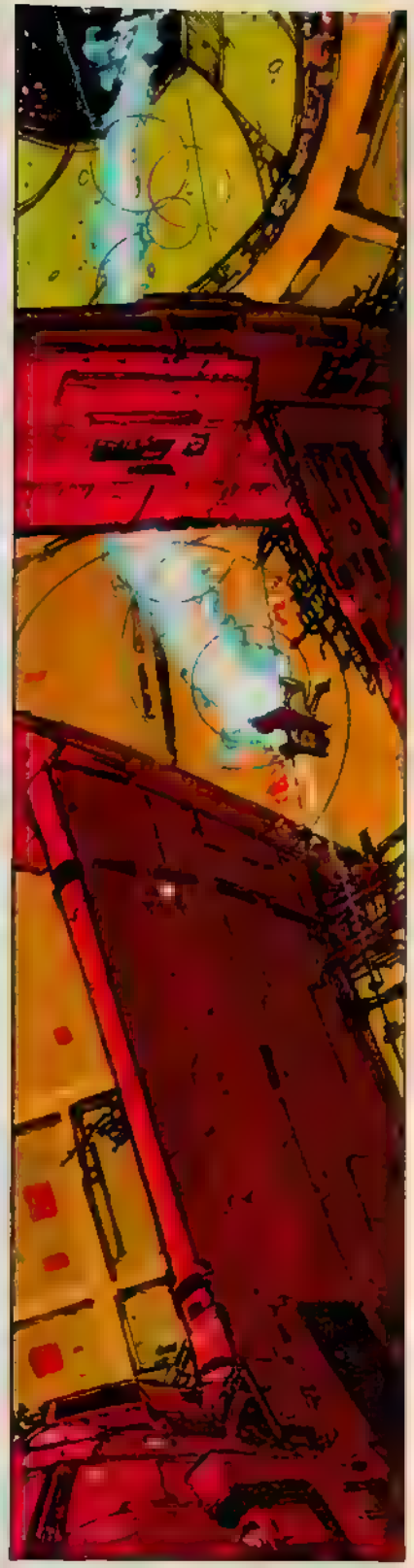
...Cryx!" Hurl a handful of light years over your shoulder, fall past a pocked and pitted moon...



...splash-down into one of Cryx's indigo seas!

The Proteus sank toward the opening lock of an under-sea mining city





The tiny ship, sea-water steaming from her hull-plates, settled among the huge ore freighters in the mine city of Malabolge.

Malabolge.

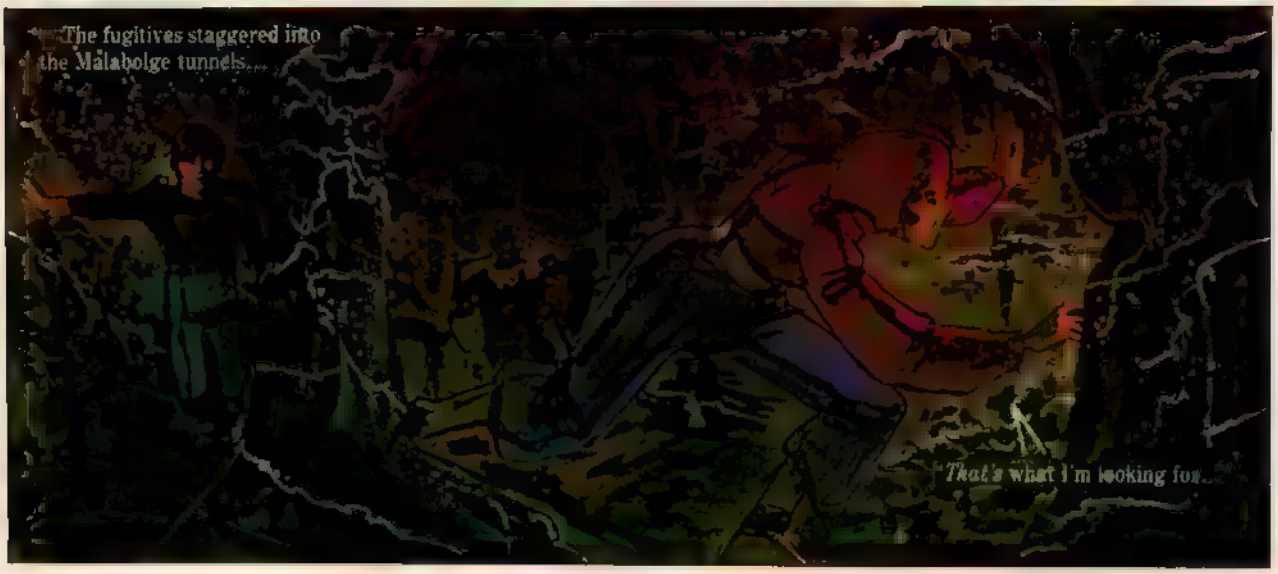
"Now the next step in my plan—"

"...look how that guard's bullying the miner!"

Soon, at a bar. "You mean you've worked in Malabolge all your life, Grimke, and you've never seen the surface of your world?"

"Hey, Qrelon, those
Run! This is

"Lord Akbrum, since your return from the Kunduke conference, a report has come in. We think it's Qrelon."



"Wryn, take this! Blaz, get them back to the Proteus. Grimke, you know about the shafts to the surface?"

When Blaz, Wryn, and Grimke reached the transport hangar...
one guard platoon after our tails!"
"Where's Grelon? If the guards catch sight of this yacht..."
"Nothing but big babies in this hangar. No way to tell them apart."
"Then let's start searching down there."

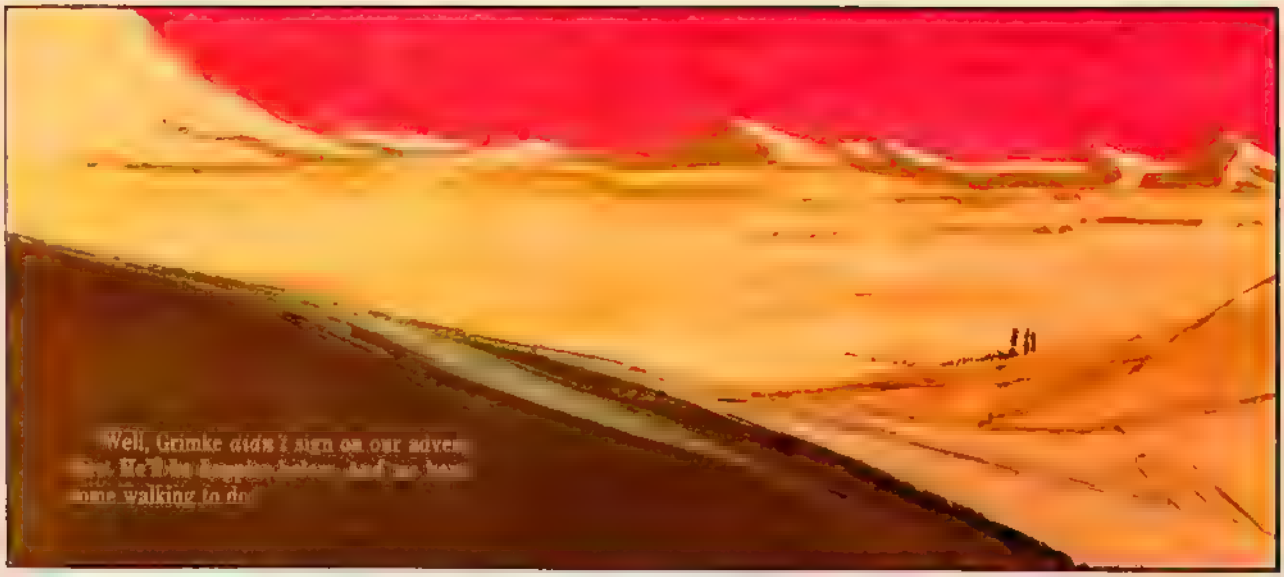
In their respite, Wraf and Grimke followed Blud's order, and [illegible] more headed for the mine tunnels.
"Tuvya says Qrelon wants us to leave the fragment on the sky and get to the surface!"

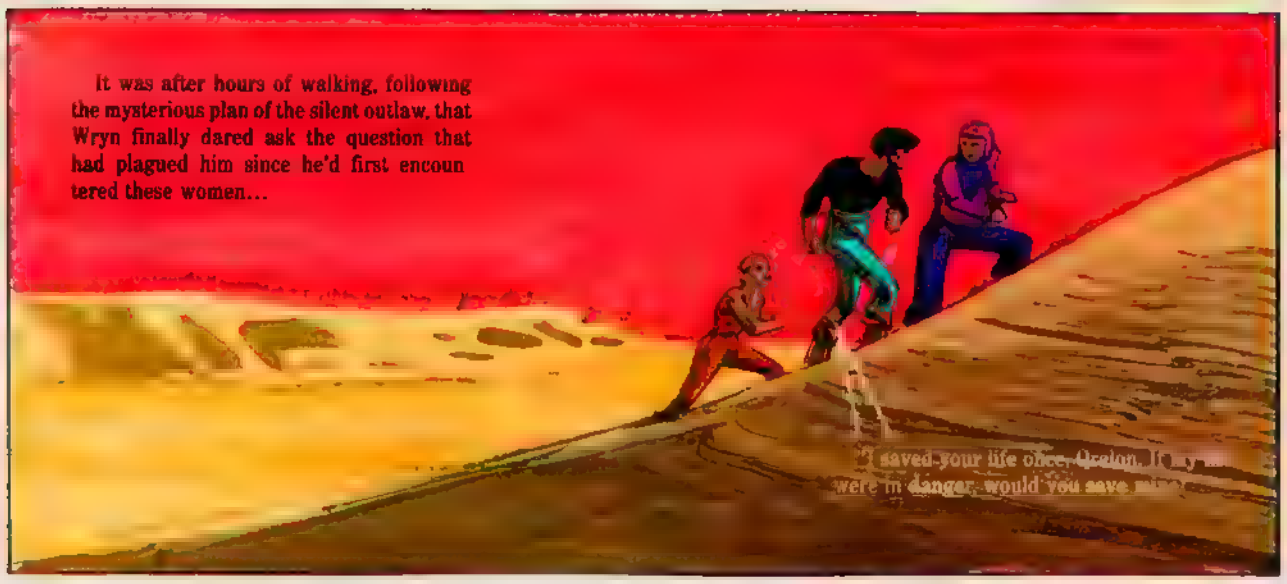
[illegible] wrapped the rope [illegible] waist. So often he'd made [illegible] climb down, just like this.
Go on, boy! I'll catch you if you fall!

Grimke had known of these shafts, but he'd never climbed one before. At the head of the rope, he hauled himself up toward a spot of light.
[illegible] and the light grew, within him grew a strange anxiety.

"It's good to see the three of you again, too!"

But the miner's face grew more and more distressed, until suddenly he turned...




It was after hours of walking, following the mysterious plan of the silent outlaw, that Wryn finally dared ask the question that had plagued him since he'd first encoun tered these women...
I saved your life once, Oralon. If I
were in danger, would you save

If it furthered my plan for revenge on the Kûnduke, I'd save you; but if saving you hindered my plan in any way. .

"Those nomads, Qrelon! Maybe we'll *both* die now!"
"Hold it, Wryn! Qrelon knows them."
"Qrelon, my sister in crime! As long as you hate the Kündüke, you are as a mother to me and as a daughter.
"And you still smell like a viperous desert-lizard in estrus. It's good to see you, Vibik."

Gladly, Qrelon—and I can show you shortcuts through these sands you'd never have found alone.

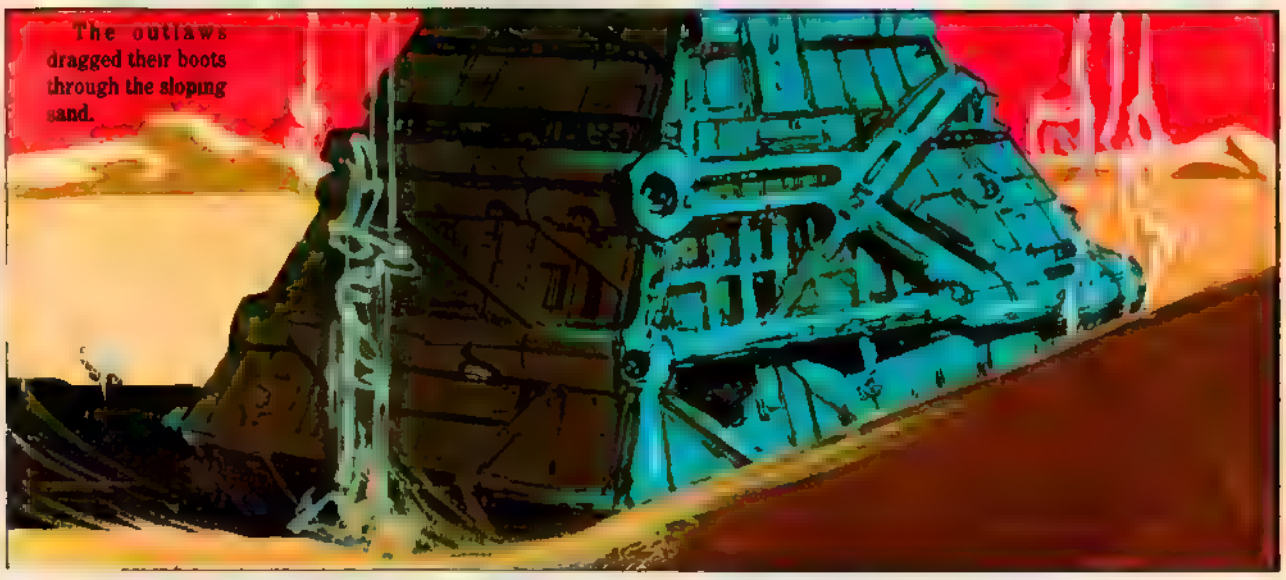
Above sun seared the Cryxian sands, the outlaws and the desert bandits tramped hour upon hour. And again, he began to wonder how he had become part of this violent, dirty, sweaty band

"The simple story, boy? Once I lived on a lush and beautiful world the Kündske raped it, smashed it, twisted it and tortured it into something ugly, hideous, unfit for animal or human life. That's what the legends say—in those corners of the universe where I am legend. But when you consider how big a world is, and just how much you'd have to do to rape, smash, and twist the extent of it... well, then you begin to realize what a simple minded story that is. The complex one—the one you might even say was true? Bah! It's too hot for stories today, boy."

"Then don't tell me stories, Qrelon. Tell me facts. What are those two fragments we left behind on the Procrus? What is this plan you talk about? Qrelon, what is it you want?"

The woman laughed harshly. "Suppose I told you that there were [illegible] more of those crystal fragments that, when put together, would make a whole? What information would you have then? You want the complex story? In an empire as vast as the worlds that wheel about us, the control of physical forces—armies and the like—is a very small part of political power. But if you control information—how to make ten workers as effective as an army of ten thousand men, or how you can build radios more efficient than those produced by a thousand women workers in an industrial factory—then you have real power, the power of the Kündske. You ask about my plan? A plan is nothing but information, boy. For instance, look here . . ."

"...That great pyramid -one of the Kunard liners--is a tourist ship that has landed here to watch the desert sunset."



"Why do they want to watch sunset from here? I mean, in half an hour, even the most glorious sunset--"

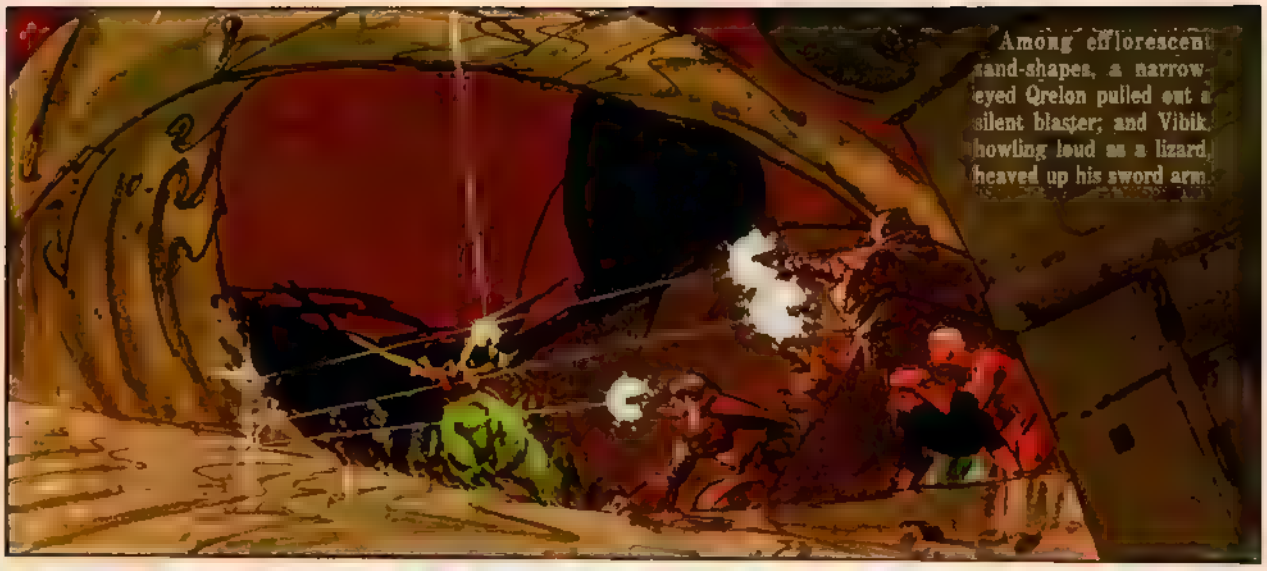
"But you know nothing about the sands of this desert. At sunset, when the temperature lowers...."

"...a chemical change makes the sands suddenly crystalize!"

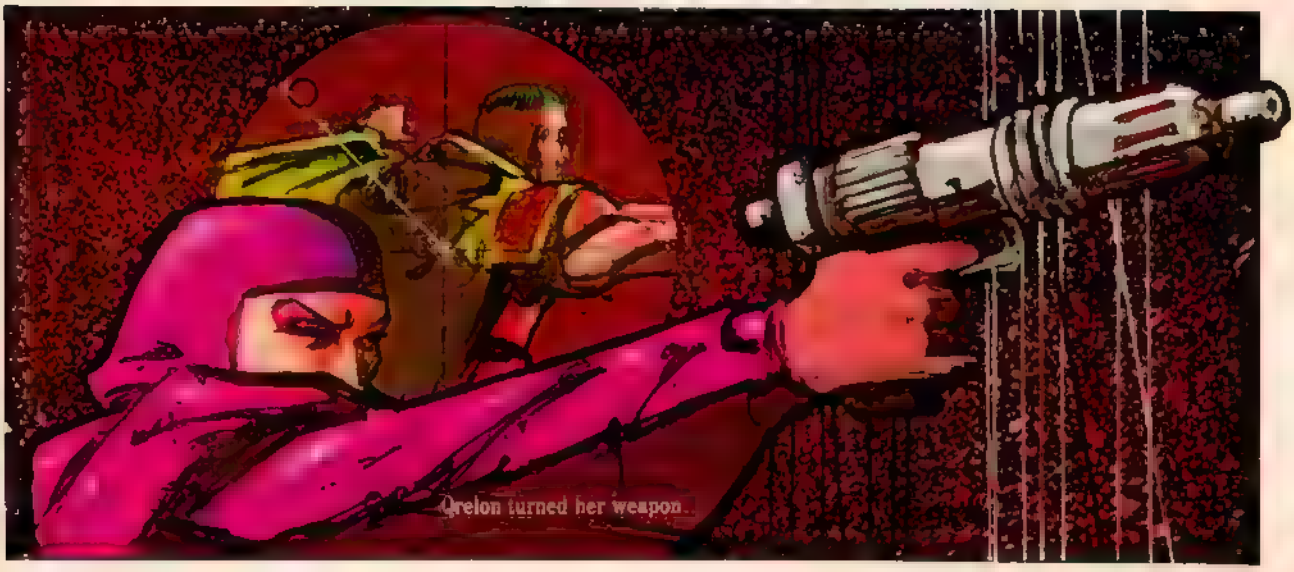
The tourists clustered at the liner's view-porch.

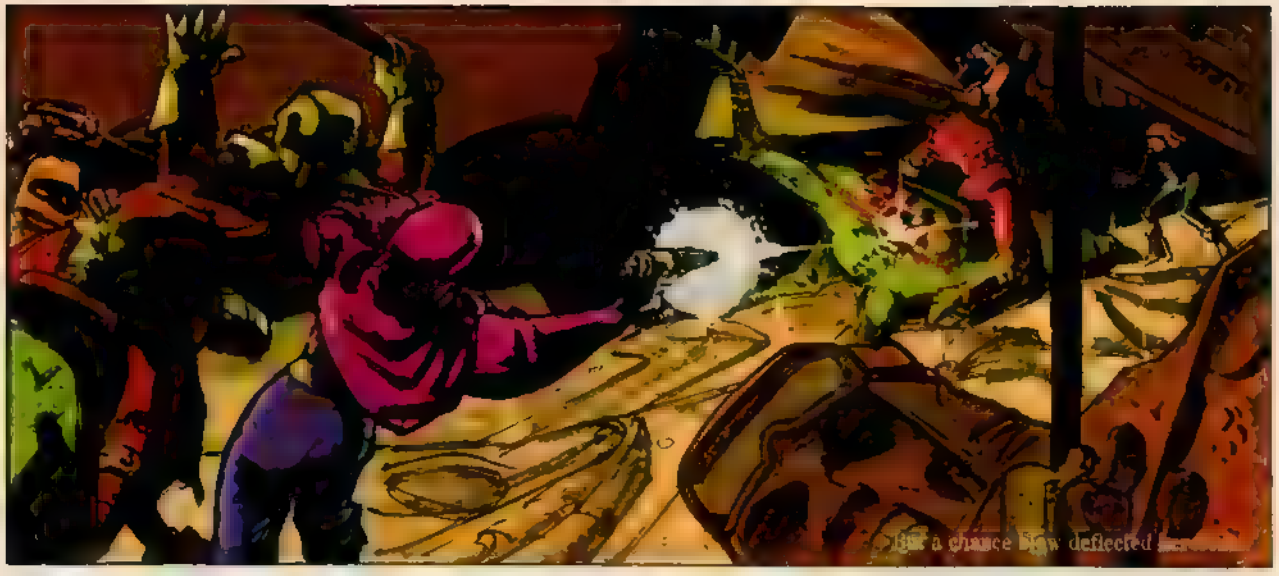
Between the flickering spires and spears

... Lord Akbrum's squealing desert-lizard powdered the dunes beneath jade claws


Among efflorescent sand-shapes, a narrow-eyed Qrelon pulled out a silent blaster; and Vibik, howling loud as a lizard, heaved up his sword arm.

The nomads met Akbrum's troops with anger and steel.




But a chance blow deflected

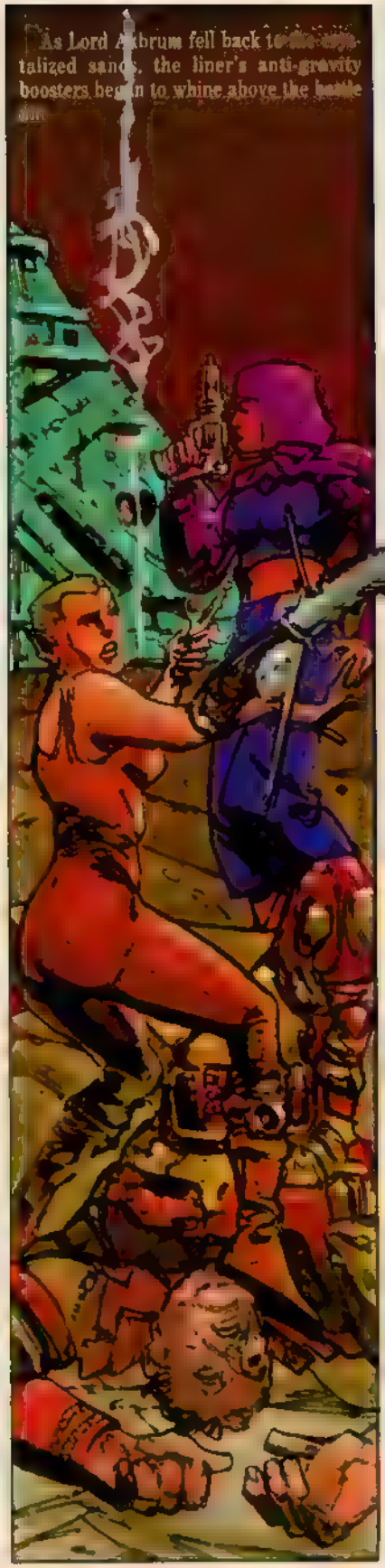
"I remember you, boy."

You saved the outlaw's life on Eyrth!

And while Lord Akbrum leaped after him...

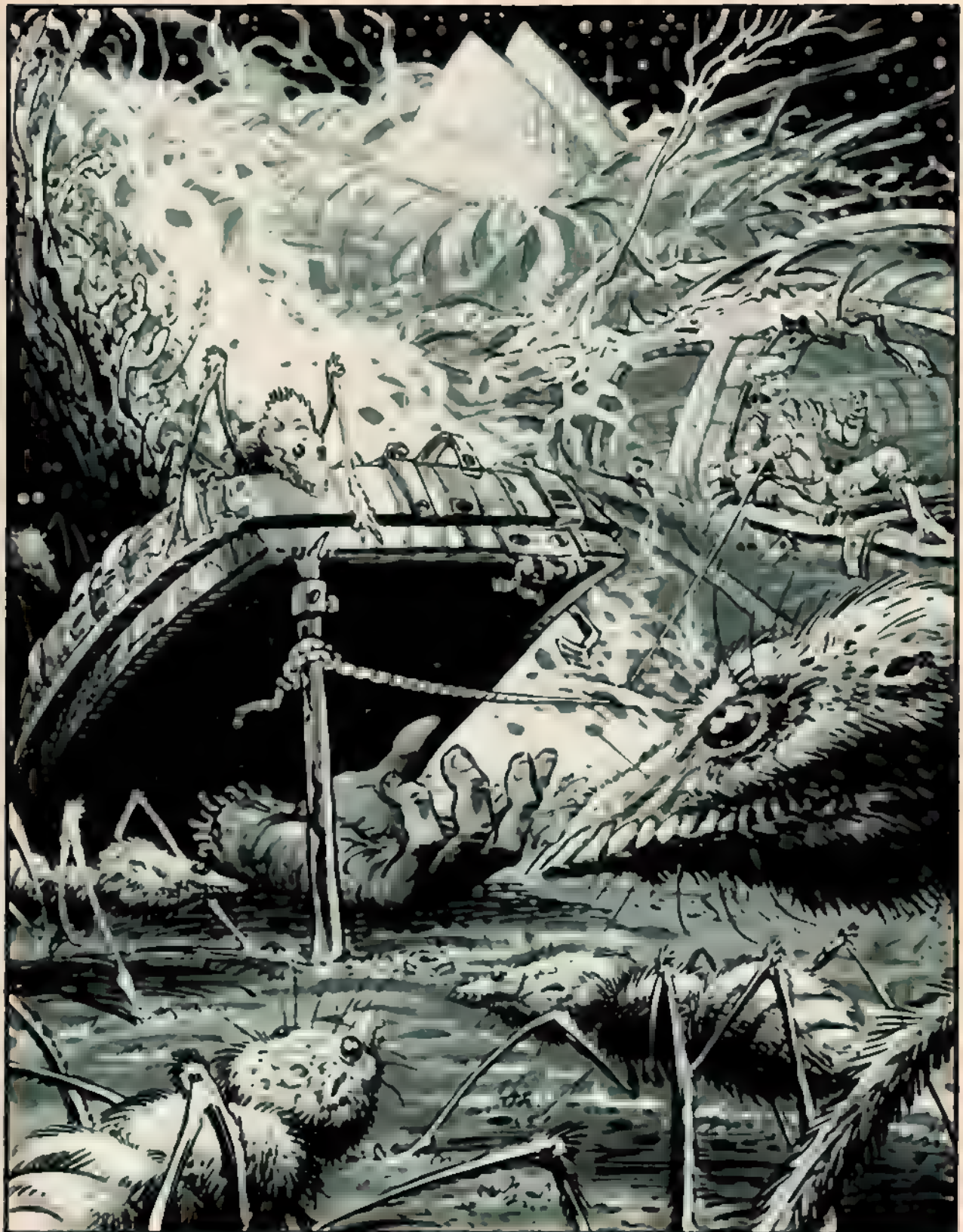
"I think you're right, Captain. Sunsets are one thing, but local desert skirmishes are another. Attention all porches closed! Prepare to take off!"

...Lord Akbrum screamed in pain, for the vitryl panels had severed, at a chop, flesh, nerve, blood, and bone.



The ship's anti-gravity lifts were silent. Below, on the glittering sands, brawling shapes shouted, squealed, and cursed.

Wryn was so upset that, for a moment, he didn't even feel the hand on his shoulder. Then...



SURGICAL TACTICS

6 FROM HEAVY METAL

CONQUERING ARMIES: From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal Hurlant* editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9¾" x 13¼" $4.95 HM4013

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ARZACH: All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. $6.95 HM4011

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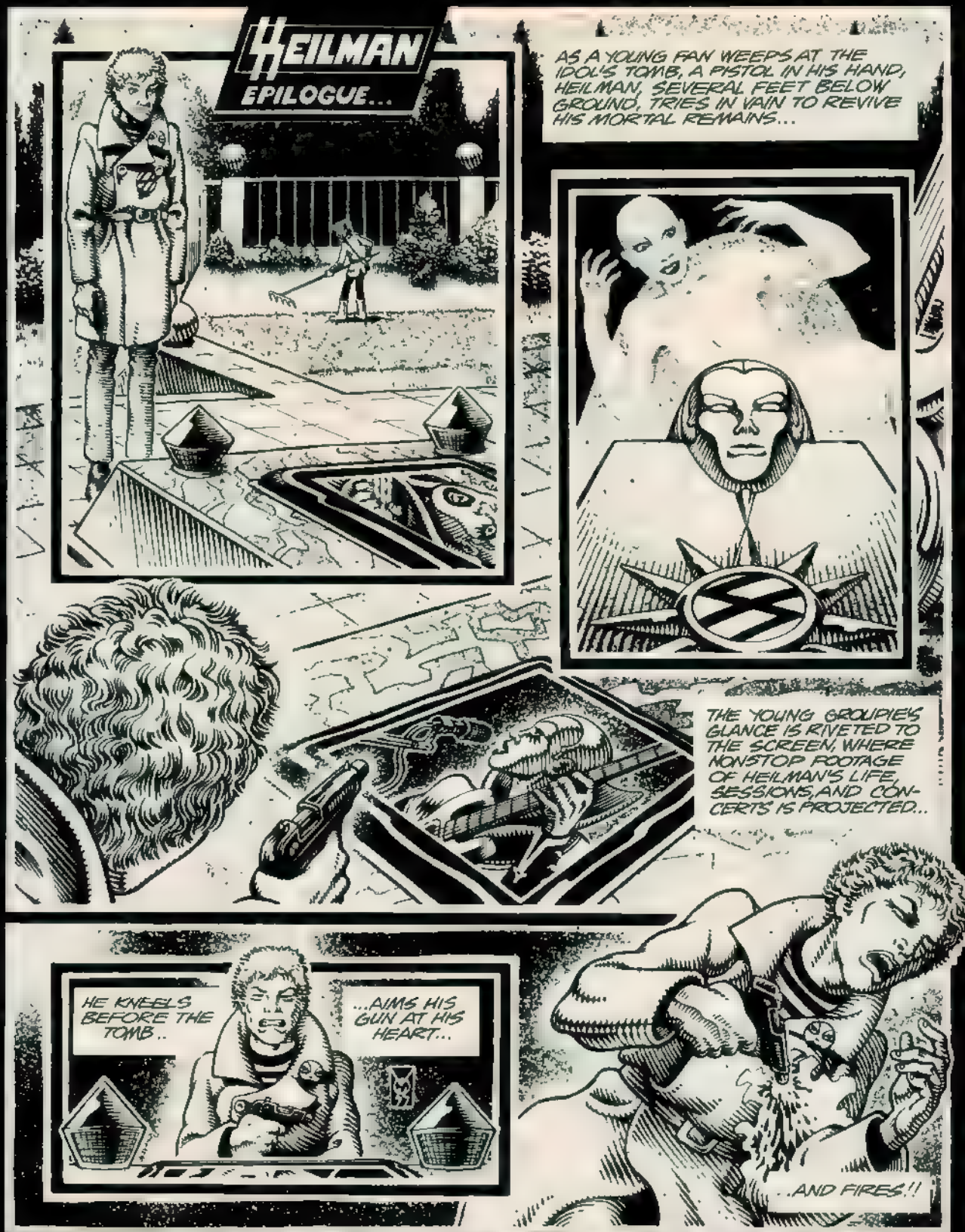
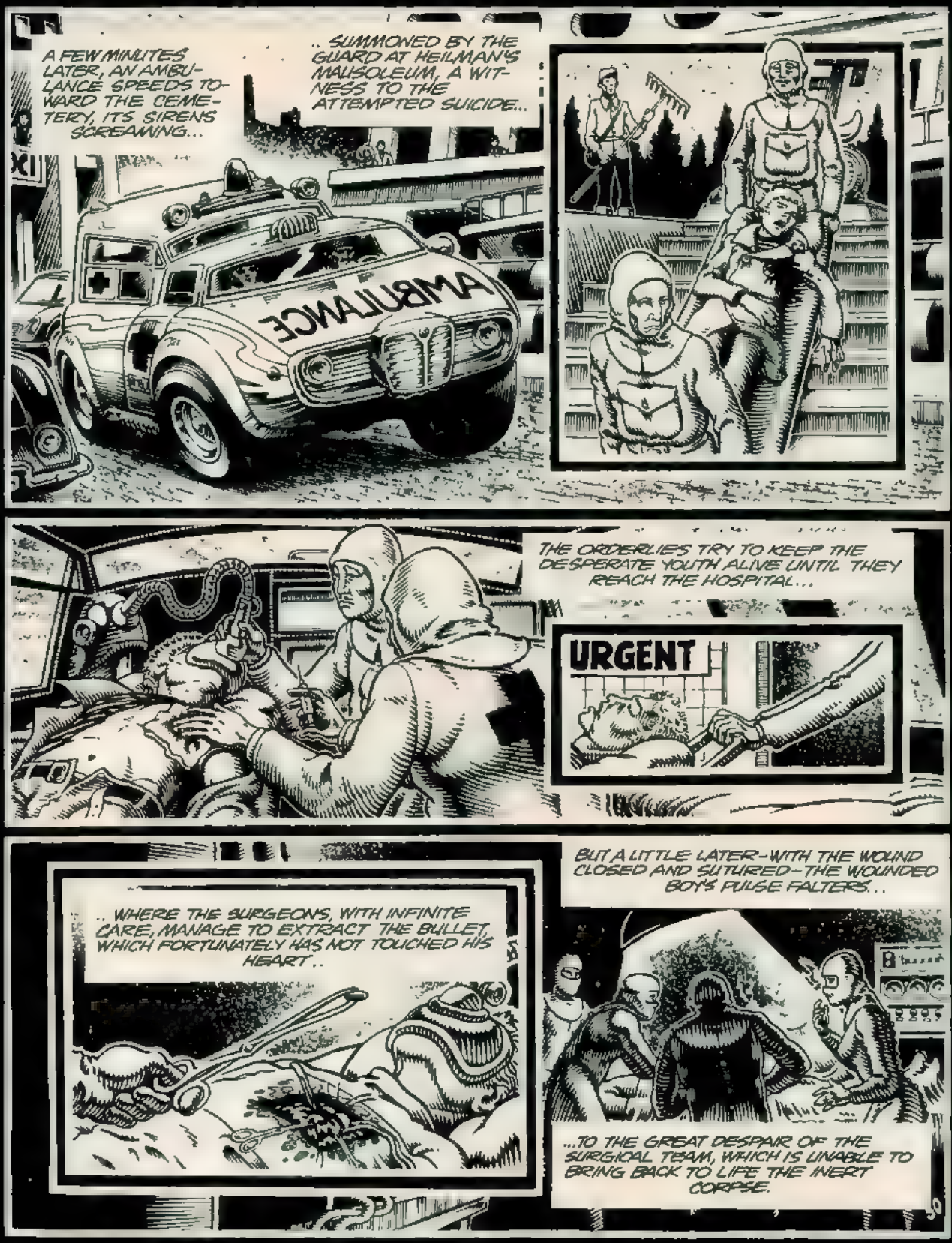
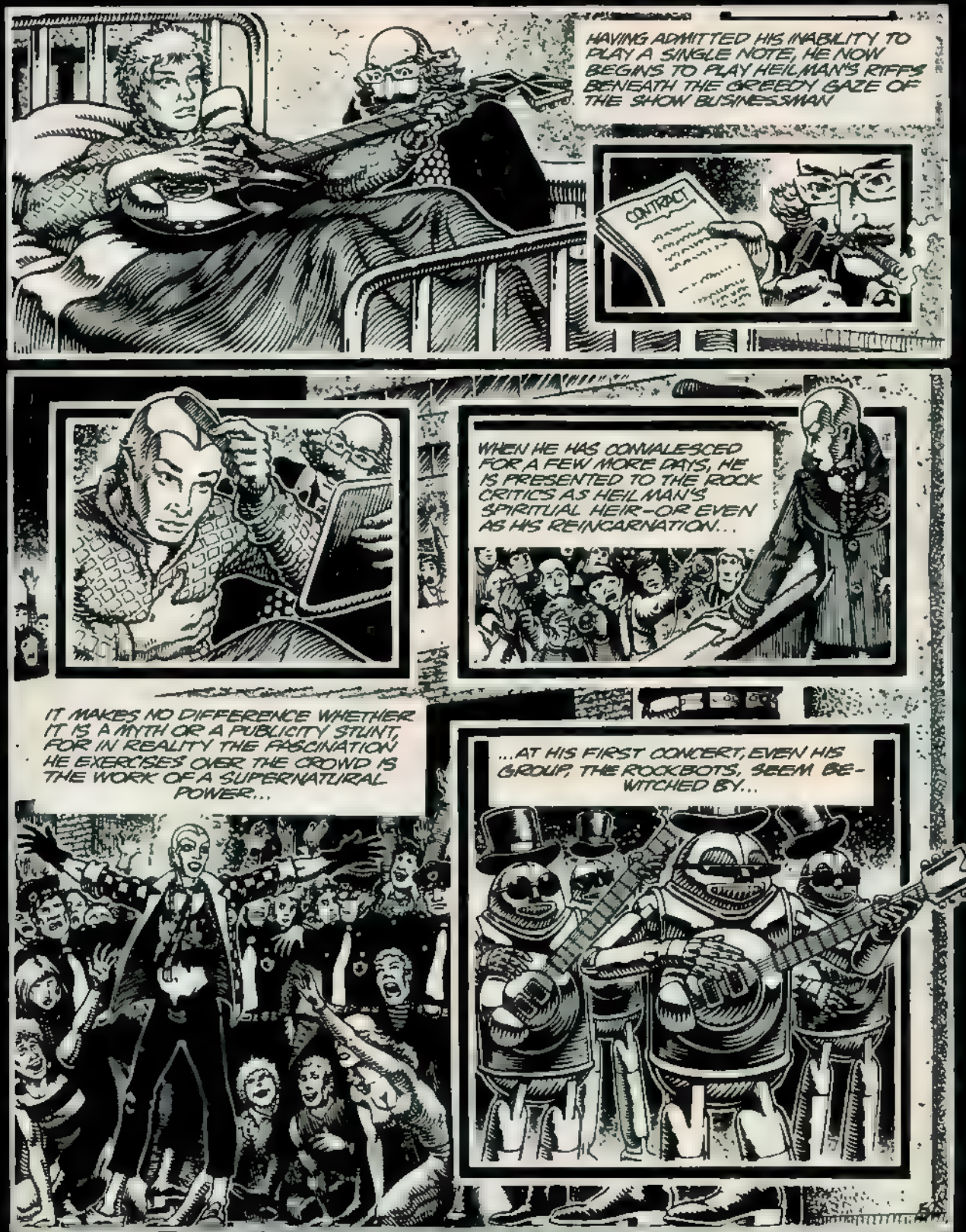

HEILMAN
EPILOGUE...
AS A YOUNG FAN WEEPS AT THE IDOL'S TOMB, A PISTOL IN HIS HAND, HEILMAN, SEVERAL FEET BELOW GROUND, TRIES IN VAIN TO REVIVE HIS MORTAL REMAINS...
THE YOUNG GROUPIE'S GLANCE IS RIVETED TO THE SCREEN, WHERE NONSTOP FOOTAGE OF HEILMAN'S LIFE, SESSIONS, AND CONCERTS IS PROJECTED...
HE KNEELS BEFORE THE TOMB..
...AIMS HIS GUN AT HIS HEART...
..AND FIRES!!

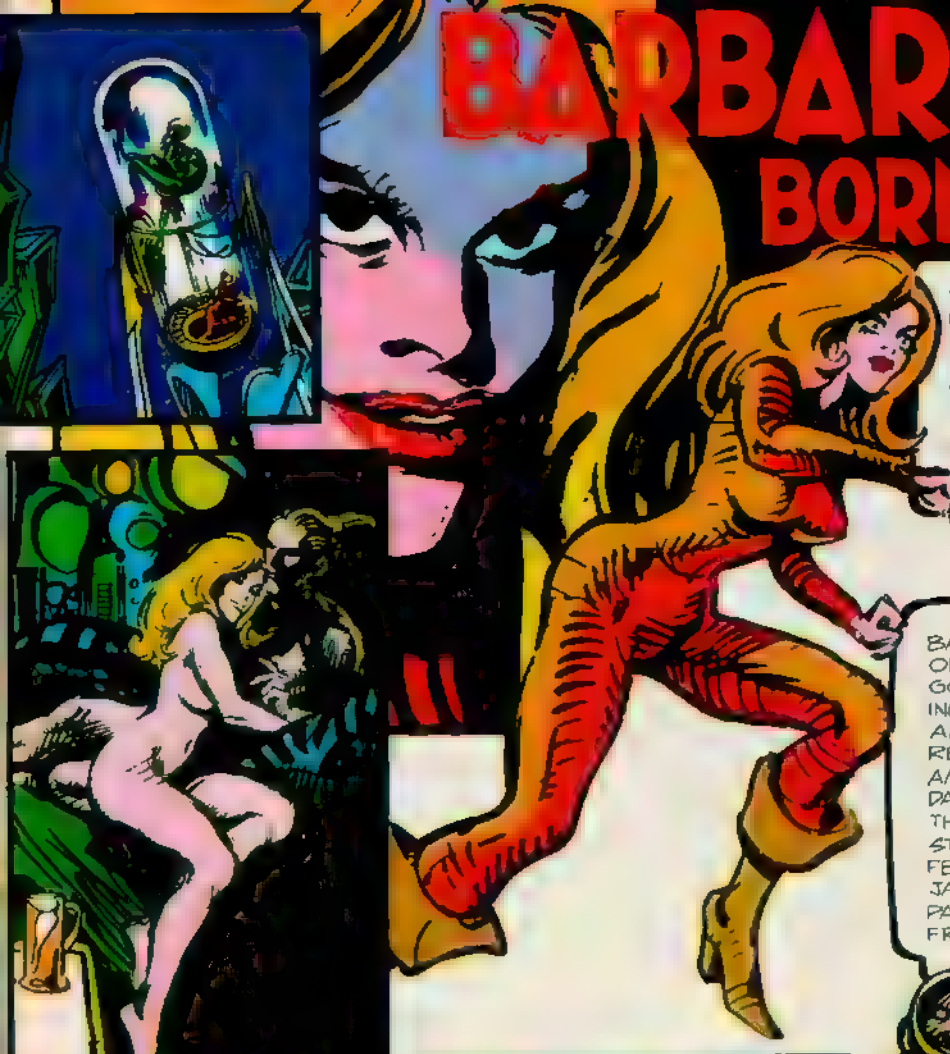

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AN AMBULANCE SPEEDS TOWARD THE CEMETERY, ITS SIRENS SCREAMING...
.. SUMMONED BY THE GUARD AT HEILMAN'S MAUSOLEUM, A WITNESS TO THE ATTEMPTED SUICIDE...
AMBULANCE
THE ORDERLIES TRY TO KEEP THE DESPERATE YOUTH ALIVE UNTIL THEY REACH THE HOSPITAL...
URGENT
.. WHERE THE SURGEONS, WITH INFINITE CARE, MANAGE TO EXTRACT THE BULLET, WHICH FORTUNATELY HAS NOT TOUCHED HIS HEART..
BUT A LITTLE LATER-WITH THE WOUND CLOSED AND SUTURED-THE WOUNDED BOY'S PULSE FALTERS..
...TO THE GREAT DESPAIR OF THE SURGICAL TEAM, WHICH IS UNABLE TO BRING BACK TO LIFE THE INERT CORPSE.

FORCED TO ADMIT THEIR DEFEAT, THEY QUICKLY LEAVE THE OPERATING ROOM, UNAWARE OF..
..THE PRESENCE OF A BEING–NONE OTHER THAN HEILMAN'S GHOST– BENDING OVER THE CORPSE OF THE YOUNG FAN..
WHEN THE NURSE COMES TO PICK UP THE CORPSE TO TAKE IT BACK TO THE MORGUE, THEY NOTICE A RESPIRATORY MOVEMENT LIFTING THE SHEET COVERING THE BODY..
NEXT DAY, THIS NEWS ITEM APPEARS ON PAGE EIGHT OF THE DAILY PAPER, AND ATTRACTS THE INTEREST OF HEILMAN'S FORMER MANAGER, ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A QUICK BUCK..
MOVED BY FATE, OR SENSING A WAY TO AUGMENT HIS BANK ACCOUNT, HE PRESENTS HIMSELF AT THE HOSPITAL, OFFERING THE YOUNG CONVALESCENT HIS IDOL'S GUITAR..
51


HAVING ADMITTED HIS INABILITY TO PLAY A SINGLE NOTE, HE NOW BEGINS TO PLAY HEILMAN'S RIFFS BENEATH THE GREEDY GAZE OF THE SHOW BUSINESSMAN
CONTRACT
WHEN HE HAS CONVALESCED FOR A FEW MORE DAYS, HE IS PRESENTED TO THE ROCK CRITICS AS HEILMAN'S SPIRITUAL HEIR—OR EVEN AS HIS REINCARNATION...
IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHETHER IT IS A MYTH OR A PUBLICITY STUNT, FOR IN REALITY THE FASCINATION HE EXERCISES OVER THE CROWD IS THE WORK OF A SUPERNATURAL POWER...
...AT HIS FIRST CONCERT, EVEN HIS GROUP, THE ROCKBOTS, SEEM BEWITCHED BY...

A MYSTERIOUS MAGNETISM, INDEFINABLE, BUT CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH..
..AN IMPERCEPTIBLE SHADOW HOVERING ABOVE HEILMAN'S SUCCESSOR...
...AND SUBTLY CONNECTED TO A BLACK DIAMOND VIBRATING CLOSE TO THE ROCKER'S HEART. THE DIABOLICAL HEART OF HANRAHAN!
KILL!
THE HYSTERICAL MASSES RUN TO THE BLACK MASS CONCERTS, TO BE VAMPIRIZED BY.
THE BLACK DEMON'S SLAVE, ..NOW AND FOR-EVER
FIN!
55

BARBARELLA'S BORN AGAIN!



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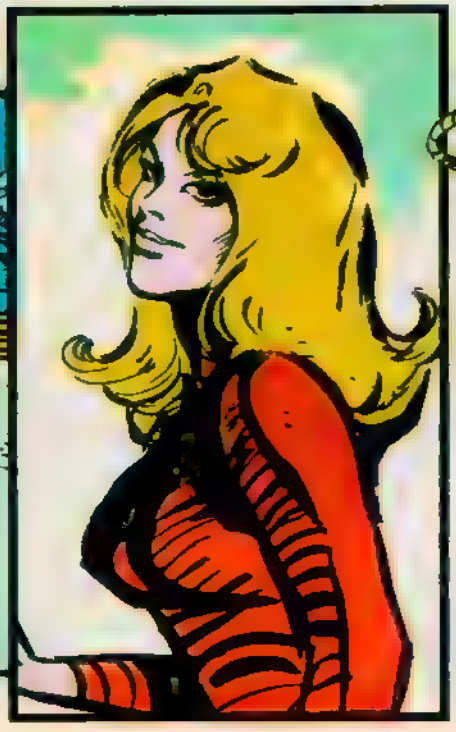

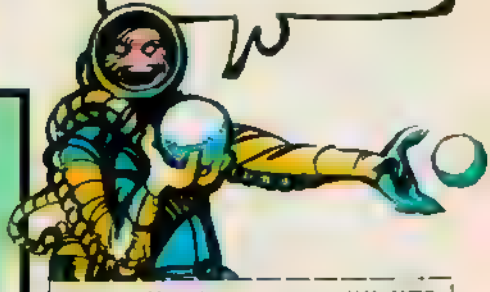

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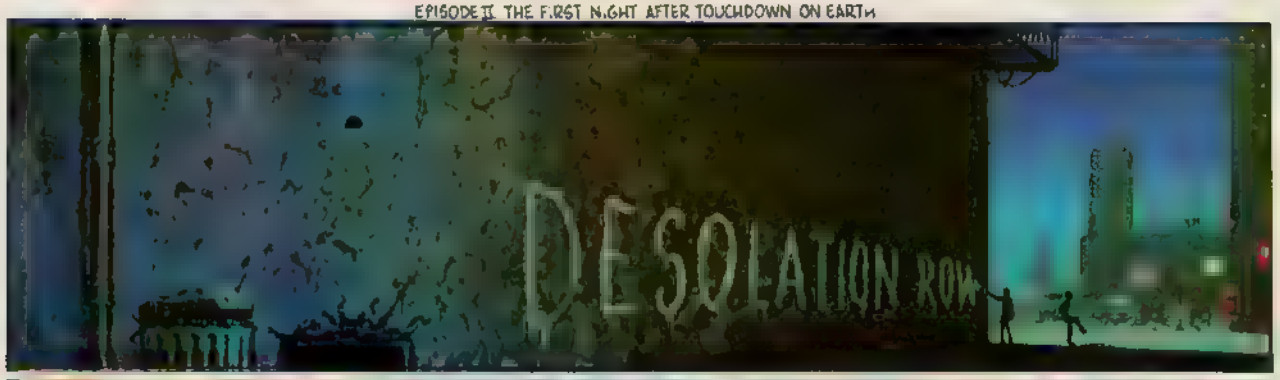
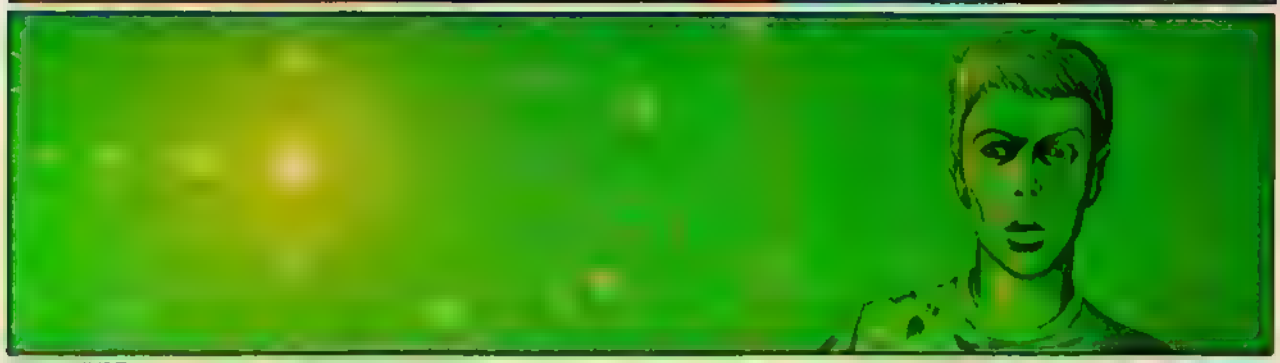
SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

EPISODE II THE FIRST NIGHT AFTER TOUCHDOWN ON EARTH





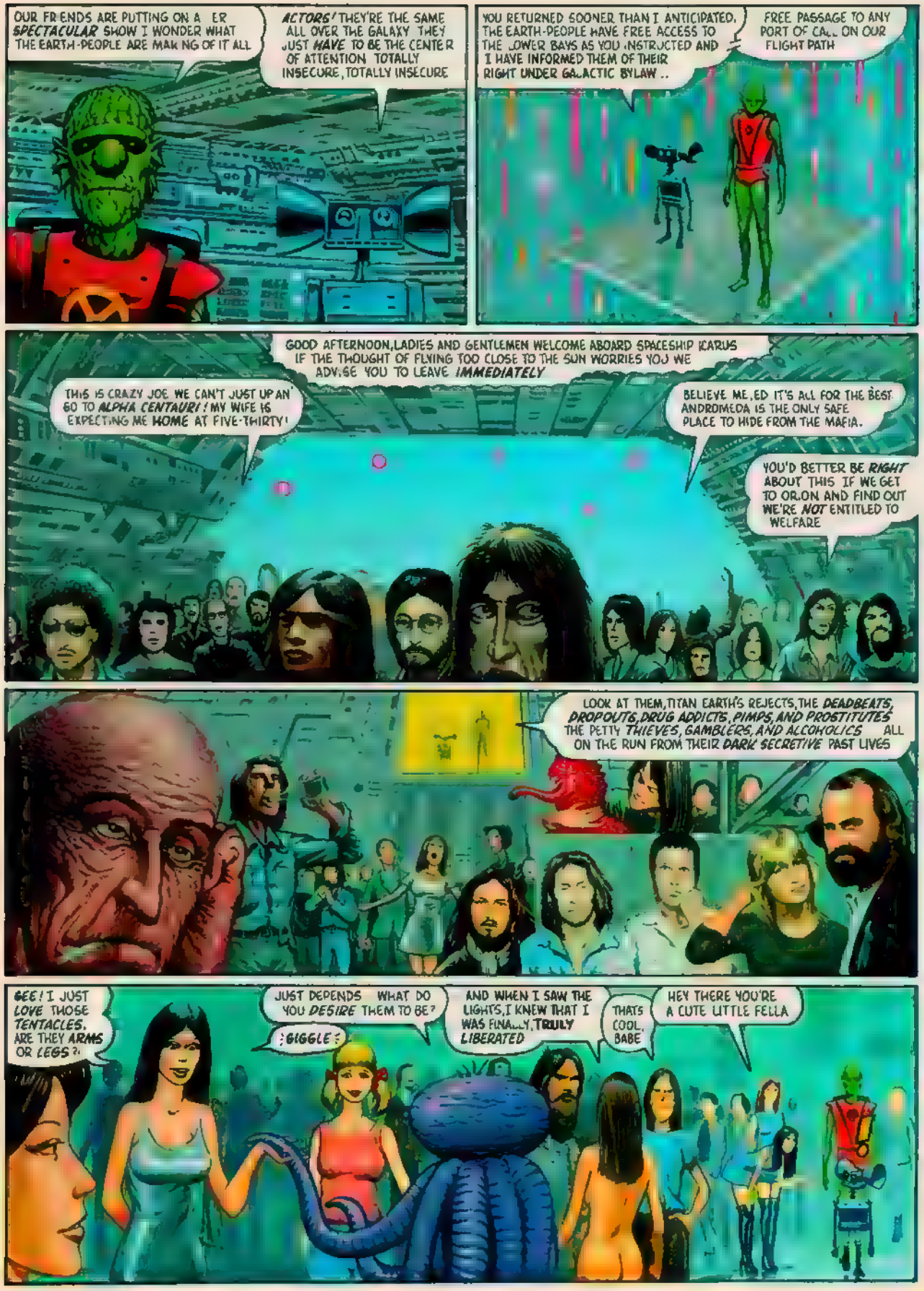
THERE'S A LOT OF ACTIVITY EVEN NOW
YES I THINK THEY ARE BEGINNING TO REALIZE THAT NINE-TO-FIVE JOBS ARE *NOT* THE NORM THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY

LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD IS TRYING TO MAKE A FAST BUCK OUT OF US TITAN
MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY OF THE COMING OF THE LORD
GET BACK! TAKE IT EASY ONLY FIFTY CRIPPLES AT A TIME CAN BATHE IN THE LIGHT
ALL FREQUENCIES ARE JAMMED WITH SIGNALS SISYPHUS THEIR LEADERS ARE OBVIOUSLY DESPERATE TO SPEAK TO US
THERE IS NOTHING TO BE SAID LET OUR FRIENDS DO THEIR SHOW, THEN BROADCAST MY MESSAGE I'LL BE BACK SOMETIME SOON

HOLY SHIT! LOOK AT THAT THING GO!
AAAH! ITS OPENING
RUN! THE BUG-EYES ARE COMIN'
GREETINGS
PLEASE RELAX LET YOUR MINDS GO BLANK
WE BRING YOU STRANGE NEWS FROM A DISTANT STAR

AND NOW TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER LEVITATION, LITTLE PEOPLE, BLACK RAIN...
SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION, LEY LINES AND MYSTERIOUS OOZINGS
STIGMATA AND INVISIBLE BARRIERS
AND, OF COURSE, THE FEMALE BODY...
THERE IS A DEFINITE FOCUS HERE AND IT'S DEEP MUCH DEEPER THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER COME ACROSS BEFORE
PLANET WAVES TELL ME THAT YOU PAID THE PRICE OF SOLITUDE BUT THAT NOW YOU ARE OUT OF DEBT
I AM NOW CLINGING TO THE EDGE THE UTMOST LIMIT

LOOK UP IN THE SKY
THE SAME BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS WILL BE OBSERVED BY THE DEAF AS LIGHTNING...
AND BY THE BLIND AS THUNDER
COME ON IN THE AIR IS LOVELY
YOU CAN FLY, TOO, IF YOU REALLY WANT
THE OPTIMIST PROCLAIMS THAT WE LIVE IN THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS
THE PESSIMIST FEARS THAT THIS IS SO
WOMEN ARE SILVER DISHES INTO WHICH WE PUT GOLDEN APPLES
LIFE IS THE ART OF DRAWING SUFFICIENT CONCLUSIONS FROM INSUFFICIENT PREMISES
BOF
MAN IS IMPRISONED IN A CAGE OF MIRRORS. WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?
QUID RIDES? MUTATO NOMINE DE TE FABULA NARRATEUR


OUR FRIENDS ARE PUTTING ON A ER SPECTACULAR SHOW I WONDER WHAT THE EARTH-PEOPLE ARE MAK NG OF IT ALL
ACTORS! THEY'RE THE SAME ALL OVER THE GALAXY THEY JUST HAVE TO BE THE CENTER OF ATTENTION TOTALLY INSECURE, TOTALLY INSECURE
YOU RETURNED SOONER THAN I ANTICIPATED. THE EARTH-PEOPLE HAVE FREE ACCESS TO THE LOWER BAYS AS YOU INSTRUCTED AND I HAVE INFORMED THEM OF THEIR RIGHT UNDER GALACTIC BYLAW ..
FREE PASSAGE TO ANY PORT OF CALL ON OUR FLIGHT PATH
GOOD AFTERNOON, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WELCOME ABOARD SPACESHIP ICARUS IF THE THOUGHT OF FLYING TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN WORRIES YOU WE ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY
THIS IS CRAZY JOE. WE CAN'T JUST UP AN' GO TO ALPHA CENTAURI! MY WIFE IS EXPECTING ME HOME AT FIVE-THIRTY!
BELIEVE ME, ED IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST. ANDROMEDA IS THE ONLY SAFE PLACE TO HIDE FROM THE MAFIA.
YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT ABOUT THIS IF WE GET TO ORION AND FIND OUT WE'RE NOT ENTITLED TO WELFARE
LOOK AT THEM, TITAN EARTH'S REJECTS, THE DEADBEATS, DROPOUTS, DRUG ADDICTS, PIMPS, AND PROSTITUTES THE PETTY THIEVES, GAMBLERS, AND ALCOHOLICS ALL ON THE RUN FROM THEIR DARK SECRETIVE PAST LIVES
GEE! I JUST LOVE THOSE TENTACLES. ARE THEY ARMS OR LEGS?
JUST DEPENDS WHAT DO YOU DESIRE THEM TO BE?
:GIGGLE:
AND WHEN I SAW THE LIGHTS, I KNEW THAT I WAS FINALLY, TRULY LIBERATED
THATS COOL, BABE
HEY THERE YOU'RE A CUTE LITTLE FELLA

I LIKE YOU
ZZIT ZZ ZIT! ZIT!
THAT'S A VERY STRANGE SOUND I THINK THEY WOULD REALLY GO FOR THAT IN THE SMALL MEGALLANIC CLOUD
IT DON'T SURPRISE ME NONE, MAN! BLUES HARMONICA IS A UNIVERSAL TONGUE
SO I JUST UP AN' VAMOOSED BRIGANDS DEMAND YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE WOMEN REQUIRE BOTH
MY WIFE RAN OFF WITH MY BEST FRIEND
YEAH! TOUGH SHIT, MAN! TOUGH SHIT BOY! WHAT A THING TO DO TO A PAL
DON'T WORRY I GOT MY REVENGE-- I LET HIM KEEP HER
HA HA HA!!
THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON HERE BUT WHAT IT IS AIN'T EXACCLY CLEAR
GIMME ANOTHER BOODIL, BARTENDER!
I'M GOING UP TO THE BR DGE ANYBODY WHO WANTS TO WAVE GOOD-BYE TO EARTH IS WELCOME TO COME
WAVE GOOD-BYE?! YEAH I'D LIKE TO DO THAT
IF MY THOUGHT-DREAMS COULD BE SEEN THEY'D PROBABLY PUT MY HEAD IN A GUILLOTINE
GOOD-BYE! GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR BELOVED MOTHER EARTH!
WHEN DO WE ..IFTOFF ANYWAY?
COME AND LOOK, MY DEAR

WE LEFT EARTH TEN MINUTES AGO- SAY YOUR LAST FAREWELLS
JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR!
LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS THING! THERE MUST BE AT LEAST A LIFETIME'S WORTH OF AIMLESS WANDERING IN HERE
ITS A VERY WEIRD PLACE OUT THERE, EARTHMEN... ALTHOUGH IN SOME WAYS, ITS STRANGELY FAMILIAR TO EARTH
ITS LIKE A GIANT FAIRGROUND IN A WAY, WITH SCENES TO THRILL, ENTERTAIN, TITILLATE SHOCK EVEN DISGUST
YES . I THINK YOU'LL NEED A LIBERAL OUTLOOK TO GET YOU THROUGH THIS GALAXY

TO BE CONTINUED...

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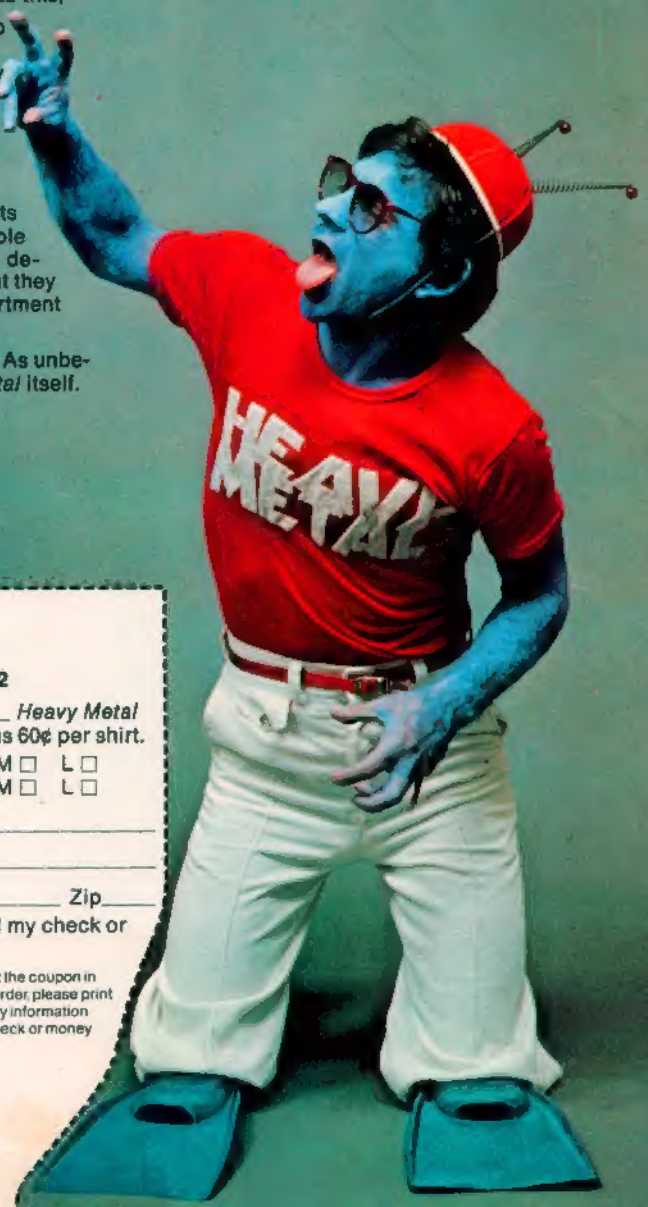

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